

# COUNTRY LIFE

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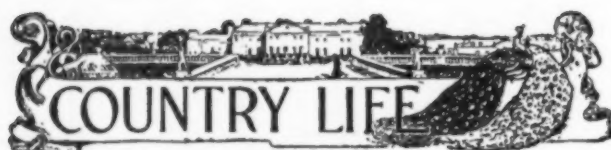
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SPEAIGHT.

157, New Bond Street, W.

PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK, WITH PRINCE RUPERT AND PRINCESS MAY.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## THE HOUSE OR TYPHOID FLY.

IT is about this time of year that the fly begins to force himself upon the attention of man and beast. Up to the middle or end of June he is not so numerous in the fields as to interfere seriously with the livestock on them; but in the course of a week or two the animals will show their disturbing influence by the swishing of their tails, their mad galloping hither and thither and other signs of unrest. In the house, too, it is not until summer has well advanced that the plague of flies makes itself thoroughly felt in the housewife's domain. She has ever regarded these insects as a plague; but not until within the last twelve years has it come to be recognised that, as well as forming an irritating nuisance, they offer a serious menace to health. They are pre-eminently the carriers of disease. The first to draw attention to this was an American man of science, Mr. L. O. Howard, who published an account of the life-history of the house-fly in a bulletin issued by the United States Department of Agriculture in 1896. He continued the study, and various pamphlets and books came from his pen, with the result that he secured the public ear in America, and his views commended themselves so strongly to his fellow-citizens that "Swat the fly" became a kind of war shout. Numerous articles appeared in the papers, and a war of extermination was carried out against the insect.

In this country, the characteristics of the house-fly have engaged the close attention of scientific students, and several interesting papers on the subject have appeared. Indeed, it was announced in the morning papers of Tuesday last that one of our most distinguished men of science, Professor Nuttall of Cambridge, has been awarded a grant out of the funds annually voted by Parliament for "scientific investigations concerning the causes and

processes of disease, for his study of the range of flight of the domestic and allied flies." This is a welcome sign of the importance which those in official position are beginning to give to the fly. It is very necessary at the same time that the general public should become alive to the danger and co-operate in the work of removing its cause. Mr. John Murray, therefore, is to be congratulated, not only on his enterprise, but on his public spirit, in having asked Mr. Howard to write the treatise on the house-fly which has now appeared. Mr. Howard would have the name changed. He suggests that the insect should be stigmatised as the typhoid-fly, because house-fly is an innocent-looking term, whereas typhoid-fly would be regarded by the most casual as a danger signal. Mr. Howard, as might be expected, goes into the natural history of the fly with great fulness and care. It is essential that he should do so, because to cope with a disease it is necessary that the physician should know as much about it as can be learned. The practical citizen, however, who has neither the time nor the inclination to study the mass of scientific learning which is now accumulated round the fly, will be content to know such results as will enable him to understand the nature of the danger by which he is threatened, and the means of suppressing it. When thoroughly convinced that the fly is a carrier of disease, his first question naturally is in regard to the best means of destroying it. At first the task may appear an easy one, but it becomes much more complicated on being looked into. Two methods of extermination can be adopted. One is the actual killing of the full-grown insect; the other is to stop it from effective breeding, that is, to destroy the eggs or pupæ. But when we come to look into the life-history of the fly, we find that it is not governed by any strict rule. For example, at one time it was thought that the fly had a very ephemeral existence. But its length of life seems to vary with the seasons and other causes. The flies in spring do not all come immediately from eggs, but some appear to have passed the winter in a state of torpor, from which they emerge practically ready for breeding.

The work of destruction must be adapted to these habits. Within the house cleanliness is the best precaution that can be adopted. The fly is very prolific—a female lays one hundred and twenty eggs at a time, and Mr. Howard found at Washington that a generation is produced in ten days. It will breed in almost any fermenting matter, though a heap of horse-manure is what it prefers most. Mr. Newstead of Liverpool found that the chief breeding-places of the house-fly there were midden-steads containing horse-manure only, midden-steads containing spent hops, and ash-pits containing fermenting materials. The ash-pits which were most infested with house-fly larvæ and pupæ invariably contained large quantities of old bedding, straw, paper, old rags, manure from rabbit-hutches, and so on. Obviously, all these must be cleared away if preventive measures are to be successful. In that connection, the distance of flight is of importance. Flies seem to have almost an inexhaustible capacity for flying. Cobb, who closely observed the fly when studying the fungous maladies of the sugar-cane, noticed that on a voyage across the Mediterranean from Algiers to Marseilles a fly kept pace with the vessel all the time, keeping a set distance between it and the boat and never attempting to come on board. Gadflies will pursue horses a very long distance. But, although they could travel if they liked, it seems that their habits are to linger round the place where they are hatched. Their breeding-places should be cleared away within a considerable radius round the house. It may not always be practicable to do this in regard to horse-manure; but it is to be noted that the fly requires moisture for its eggs to incubate, and manure spread on the fields does not seem suitable for this purpose. Perhaps even more important than killing the eggs is that of killing the insects themselves, in order to prevent them from breeding. Mr. Howard would recommend the adoption of all possible measures, including fly-traps and fly poisons; but there is no heroic method of getting rid of the insects. Formaldehyde has been used as a poison with excellent effects. Two French writers, Trillat and Legendre, advise a ten per cent. formalin solution with the addition of twenty per cent. milk; and an authority is quoted who mixed a teaspoonful of formalin with a teacupful of water, sweetening it or mixing it with milk. He found this resulted in the destruction of the flies. The American Civic Association recommend the burning of pyrethrum powder and the dropping of twenty drops of carbolic acid on a hot shovel, saying that the vapour kills the flies. These are only a few of the preventive measures that have been recommended. It is well to bring into operation as many as possible, because the killing of the adult flies is a sure method of stopping or lessening propagation.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



# COUNTRY NOTES.



**M**R. HAWKES' report on Canadian immigration, of which a summary is given in another part of the paper, is not a document altogether flattering to Great Britain; but it is a capital essay on the means by which a great colony is built up. From his own point of view, the Commissioner regards Great Britain simply as "the main source of the human stock and the indispensable cash which have been combined in the upbuilding of Canada." The note runs through the Blue Book that population and prosperity go hand in hand. For her great railway and other enterprises Canada needs credit; she comes to Europe to borrow, and the security which she offers is, in his own words, the number of those from whom tribute is exacted, or, to use a less ambiguous phrase, the number and wealth of the taxpayers. Canada has to face keen competition. Australia recently has been making strenuous efforts to attract its share of the stock, and the Argentine has become a serious rival in the attraction of capital.

The point that concerns this country most is the difference which is shown to exist between the British settler and the settler from the United States. It is the latter that comes with dollars in his pocket. He swarms over the border from the half-exhausted wheat areas of Wyoming, and, finding that he can farm to far better profit on Canadian land, buys and, advancing, continues to buy. The typical United States immigrant into Canada is a shrewd man possessed of a certain amount of capital which he is determined to increase. The typical English immigrant is a wage-earner. A few go to work the land, but the reclamation work is dreadful. That was the old system, but Mr. Hawkes considers it to be obsolete, and says that the immigrant of to-day will not face all that it means. He would have the Dominion Treasury used for the purpose of bringing land into cultivation and making it ready for the farmer.

Another side of the question must present itself to a certain class in Great Britain. Hitherto Canada has been chiefly a refuge for the labourer only. The man of capital up to within a very recent period has, as a rule, avoided it except as a field for investment in stocks and shares. The Englishmen best fitted to succeed in Canada, the hardy, open-air younger sons of country gentlemen, have avoided it because it used to take such a long time and so much navvy work to bring the land into cultivation. Now that some of the railway companies are offering homesteads ready for occupation, and there is a prospect of the Government, either the Dominion Government or the Governments of certain provinces, following this excellent example, the younger son possessed of a little capital has a chance. Canada offers the very best scope for his energies and for the kind of work he is best calculated to do. But Mr. Hawkes' proposals, good as they are in regard to the labouring settler, do not take into account the man with from five hundred to a thousand pounds in the bank.

There are many non-political reasons for regretting the retirement of Lord Loreburn from the Chancellorship. It is agreed on all sides that he dispensed patronage with great discernment and an unbiassed mind. In the matter of the

appointment of justices of the peace, he gave an unbending opposition to those who, on the "spoils to the victor" principle, would have made these appointments a perquisite of office. Never in the history of Great Britain was this spirit of independence more needed, because never were there so many appointments to be made. Almost every new Act passed by the present Government has brought into existence a fresh army of officials. This may be right or it may be wrong—at the moment we express no opinion one way or the other; but it is very obvious that, the greater the number of officials, the more opportunity must exist for corruption, favouritism and all the evils connected with the old nomination system. Lord Loreburn's conduct was a standing protest against appointment on political grounds. In this respect, there is reason to hope that his successor, Lord Haldane, will uphold the tradition. It is true his type of character is very different from that of Lord Loreburn; but the two meet on one point, and that is the upholding of purity and honesty in the public service.

## A LOST SPRING.

Spring passed me by; with bannered, brave array  
She took the royal road;  
I might not see  
Her pageantry,  
Who bent afar beneath love's load,  
Though all my soul cried out to her to come—to come my way!

And daffodils that blow a million horns,  
And bluebells ringing clear,  
Could fling no song  
So far, so strong  
That I one trancing note might hear—  
So spring went by with all her buds, with all her shining morns.

And, at the last, I laid my burden low  
In its appointed place;  
My troth was kept,  
But yet I wept  
Before that shrine a little space,  
Before the grave of that one spring I might not ever know.

A break—a fragrance—and all earth ablaze  
With sudden Paradise!  
Spring, my lost spring  
Inhabiting  
That altar of bare sacrifice,  
And daffodils that blow a million horns aburst with praise.

So, by the old way of the wilderness,  
Once more to Truth I came:  
Springs past and sweet,  
Springs yet to greet,  
Are but a shadow or a name—  
But this one spring that I have lost for love, I shall possess!

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

At the conference on infantile mortality held at the Caxton Hall last week, Mr. John Burns spoke comfortable words. Many of the conditions of to-day are less favourable to child-life than those which prevailed fifty years ago. Then seventy-five per cent. of the population was in the country and twenty-five in the towns; now the conditions are reversed. People are gathered together in urban communities where fresh air, exercise and fresh food are more difficult to obtain. Moreover, there has been a very notable increase in the number of women who go out to occupations, and it is generally found that the woman who works loses more children than she who stays at home. But in spite of that, infantile mortality decreased from 145 per thousand in 1904 to 106 per thousand in 1910. Naturally, Mr. Burns connected this with the milk supply, for infant mortality seems to occur wherever the consumption of milk is lowest. The labourer consumes least, and in the order of consumption come artisans, the lower middle-class, the middle-class proper and the upper classes. Agencies on which he relies are, a more wholesome food supply, which would include better milk, more education of the mothers, relief to them of many worries both before and after the birth of a child, and improved nursing. Mr. Burns is right to be optimistic, but his tone should not conceal the fact that much still remains to be done.

Henley Regatta this year promises to be a very brilliant function. First of all, King George and Queen Mary and other members of the Royal Family intend to be present, and they will use the old State barge, which will be steered by ex-champion William Giles East, the King's Bargemaster. Then from the

Colonies and foreign countries are coming more crews than have ever before competed at Henley. This is partly due to the fact that they are on their way to the Olympic Games at Stockholm, and are, in proverbial language, killing two birds with one stone. The well-known Argonaut Rowing Club of Toronto is coming from Canada to compete for the Grand Challenge Cup, not for the first time. New South Wales is sending an entry from the Sydney Rowing Club. They are not technically qualified, but the disqualification has been waived. The Rowing Club de Paris is entering for the Thames Challenge Cup. The entries for the Diamond Sculls include Butler of the Argonaut Rowing Club, Toronto; Horodyski of the Cercle Nautique de France; Kusik of the St. Petersburg Rowing Club, Russia; McVilly of the Derwent Rowing Club, Tasmania; Sinigaglia of the Laris Rowing Club, Como, Italy; Veirman of the Royal Club, Nautique de Gand, Belgium; and Wrobel of the Cercle Nautique de France. Under these circumstances it is not too much to expect that Henley Week will be especially brilliant this year, if only that incalculable factor, the weather, be favourable.

The annual dinner of the Shikar Club, held as usual on Oaks Night last week, was a very successful function. Close on seventy members were present at the Savoy Hotel, including the chairman, Lord Lonsdale, Prince Ghika, Lord Basing, Lord Elphinstone, Lord Wodehouse, Lord Brook, Sir E. Loder, Sir S. Crossley, Sir Hill Child, Sir Peter Walker, Sir W. Garstin, Sir Randolph Baker, M.P., Captain C. E. Radclyffe (hon. secretary), Mr. P. K. Glazebrook, M.P., Colonel Biddulph, Colonel Lumsden, Colonel Cavendish, Colonel F. Trollope, Captains W. Gordon-Cumming, Price Wood, G. Lane, Messrs. J. G. Millais, H. A. Bryden, P. B. Vanderbyl, Frank Wallace, C. W. L. Bulpett, A. H. Straker, Hesketh Prichard, H. J. Elwes, A. Gathorne Hardy, J. M. Hembury, C. V. A. Peel, etc. The club, during its few years of existence, has grown to a muster-roll of something like two hundred and forty members, and it seems likely that some kind of *pied-à-terre* in town may now be found necessary to its existence. This would probably take the form of a couple of rooms at some convenient part of the West End, where books, maps and records may be kept, and where from time to time notes and observations likely to be useful to the members may be exchanged, to the mutual advantage of big-game sportsmen. It should be mentioned that above all things moderation in the pursuit of game and trophies is persistently advocated by the members and officials of this club. The senseless butchery still unfortunately to be heard of in various parts of the world is severely reprobated by every member of the Shikar Club, and wherever possible everything is done by the members to put an end to wasteful and unsportsmanlike shooting. In addition to being a very pleasant social reunion, the Shikar Club by its example serves a distinctly useful purpose in the world of sport.

Some time ago we gave our readers a brief account of the scheme drawn up by Sir William Willcocks for the irrigation of Mesopotamia. The other night he gave full details of the plan in a lecture to the Royal Geographical Society. Tradition assigns as the site of the Garden of Eden, Gurna, where the Tigris joins the Euphrates. Sir William is following with modern inventions the ancient plan for watering Babylonia. It is by providing the waters of the Euphrates and the Tigris with escapes into the deserts. The ancients controlled the Euphrates by an escape into a depression in the desert north-west of Kerbela, five hundred miles in extent and twenty feet deep. Sir William has submitted a project to the Turkish Government, proposing a massive canal and dyke along the right bank of the Tigris in imitation of the Babylonian works, and the sacrificing of the left bank of the river to the floods. He also proposes to deal with the Tarthar, which, coming down from the Sinjar Hills, runs between the Tigris and the Euphrates and terminates in a salt pan in the deserts south-west of Samarra. The bottom of this pan is four metres below sea-level. Sir William's idea is to provide an escape from the Tigris into this depression, which would involve raising the level of the Tigris in flood by eight metres. The scheme, if carried out, would cost six million pounds, but would double the value of every acre of land in the delta and enable the Bagdad Railway to traverse cultivated land.

It was unfortunate for the South African cricketers that they had to begin their second Test Match just after the rain. It had not been one of those showers which improve rather than hurt a cricket pitch, but a regular deluge. After several weeks of rain, it fell on Sunday and Monday like a water-spout, and the ground at Lord's was thoroughly soaked. Under these circumstances the South Africans had to meet the bowling of the English team, which at the present moment has reached

a height of excellence which probably was never exceeded before in the history of the game. Barnes and Foster, aided by a team fielding with the keenness born of approaching victory, were invincible, and on Monday afternoon the whole of the South Africans were dismissed for the very small total of 58, the highest individual score being 13. That the wicket was not to blame was shown by the manner in which the Englishmen scored afterwards. Mr. Spooner experienced no difficulty in scoring where the South Africans had failed.

We are very glad to publish a letter directing attention to the beautiful photographic work done by the late Colonel Moore, whose death took place very suddenly. On the morning (March 16th) on which he sent off the prints for the exhibition he appeared quite well, and in the afternoon was working in the garden which he loved almost as much as the birds, but he came in at four o'clock saying he felt "seedy." He passed away in a faint in a quarter of an hour. The little army of bird photographers suffered an irreparable loss. Colonel Moore was always a great lover of the country, and began to photograph birds about twelve years ago. He was in South Africa during the war, and that was when he did the Marsh-harrier on the Cape Flats. When stationed at Gibraltar he went whenever he could to the Cork Woods and found much to photograph in Spain. He was full of plans for this spring. He was born on October 26th, 1862, entered the Manchester Regiment in 1882, and the Army Pay Department in 1896. In his own private circle he was universally beloved.

#### RUSTICITY.

I don't know if I love you, but when you're not with me  
I do be sort of lonesome like, and hankering after ye  
And thinking—what you're thinking of . . . and where you'd  
likely be.

What a one I always was for getting up my gown,  
Sewing ribbons to my hat and trapesing into town!  
But now that you are gone—oh dear—I do feel sort of down.

If I saw you in the lane, I'd pluck a bit of May  
Perhaps. But you'd say nothing—you've never much to say;  
And I'd be looking at your eyes, and asking—"How's the hay?"  
G. JAMES.

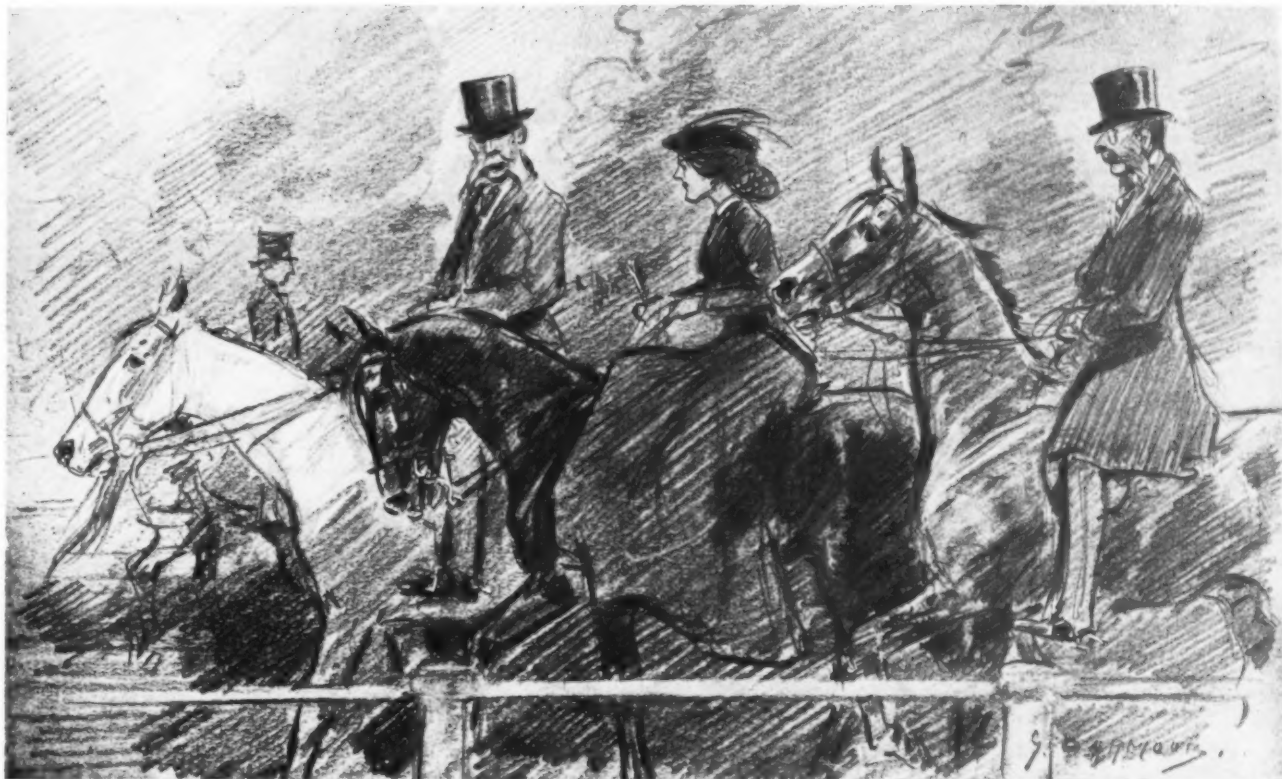
Our readers will have heard with regret of Sir Sidney Colvin's retirement from the post he has occupied for so many years as Keeper of the Prints and Drawings at the British Museum. He is retiring under the age limit, and, strictly speaking, should have done so two years ago; but the Trustees asked the Treasury that he should remain two years longer. Sir Sidney Colvin has filled this post with conspicuous ability, and under his fostering care the prints and drawings at the British Museum have increased both in bulk and value. We cannot forget, however, that a great deal of his best work has been done outside the walls of the Museum. He is a charming writer, not unworthy of comparison with his brilliant friend "R. L. S.," and he must have amassed material for a great many books during his term of office. We hope that in the leisure which he has so well earned he will be able to give forth from his rich store of knowledge and experience.

The May-fly season of 1912 seems as if it were likely to go down to history described by the strictly temperate epithet "fair." It has not been a great May-fly season, nor a very good one. It often happens that a great May-fly year, in the sense of a year in which there is a great hatch-out of the fly, is really anything but a good one from the point of view of the angler, though there is no doubt that the fish must appreciate it. The effect of these extraordinary hatches often is that the fish feed so greedily on the fly, for three crowded days of gorging and glorious life, that they have no appetite left for the fly all the rest of the rise, and the insects go floating down the river unmolested, except by the birds.

The series of articles which we have been publishing on Knole Park have, it appears, been a revelation to the public of the beauties and treasures belonging to that residence. At any rate, they have caused so many requests to be sent to Lord Sackville from people who wish to see the place for themselves that, in order to gratify their curiosity, it has been found necessary to fix certain days for sight-seeing. The house will be open to the public from two to five on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from ten to five on Fridays. For so generous a concession the public have good reason to be grateful to Lord Sackville.



## CONTRASTS IN THE "ROW."



FIFTY YEARS AGO.

**T**HAT horsemen, like geniuses, are born not made has always been a strong belief with me, and this view has been strengthened rather than otherwise during the observation of more years than I care to count.

We can all learn to ride after a fashion—enough, possibly, for our own amusement and sufficient to save us from being subjects for amusement to our neighbours; at least, we hope this is so, though there may be moments in one's recollection which even suggest doubts of this. Most of us can recall some incident—like a horse's refusal of a fence, or a bad shy—when we were caught unawares, and when we hoped the others were not looking. These incidents happen to the ordinary horseman fairly often, and his only comfort is that even the genius *may* sometimes be caught napping. In this connection I remember seeing one of our foremost jockeys—whose income from riding must have for years rivalled that of a Prime Minister—jumped off over his pony's head when hunting with a West Country pack.

The hunting-field supplies plenty of cases of very ordinary horsemanship, and some are rankly bad; but of all the places within my knowledge, Rotten Row supplies the greatest number of hopeless cases. It may be, possibly, that, like the proverbial "fierce light upon the throne," the opportunity one has here of seeing and comparing makes the Row particularly trying. However that may be, I have often thought that the first sight of the Row must come as a shock to, say, the

intelligent foreigner, who might be apt to take what he saw there as typical of the "nation of horsemen" which we have so long regarded ourselves.

That we are not the only people who can ride has of late years been gradually dawning upon us. International shows here and elsewhere have proved that in the kind of riding entailed at such events we certainly can no more than hold



TO-DAY.

our own, if even that. Such riding, no doubt, is to some extent artificial; but, still, it is riding which certainly appeals to the eye of the ordinary observer, and riding such as is taught on the Continent would do a great deal towards making the performances of the ordinary rank and file of the riders in the Row more sightly though less amusing.

This school riding is good for all, horses as well as their riders, and I am quite sure, should it become a fashion in this country, the most experienced would find much to learn. About a couple of years ago a dealer in the Midlands started such a school, engaging a Continental instructor. I do not think the idea "caught on" to any extent; but an old lady, who has been known for long as a first-rate horsewoman over those big countries, told me that she learned a great deal, and, above all, that the horse she took through the course had been a different horse to ride ever since.

To hark back to the Row, however. It has always puzzled me to work out any theory as to the principle upon which people go in choosing horses for use there. Occasionally one sees a well-assorted turn-out; horse and man, or horse

surely, some conventions are appropriate to such places as the Row; and as admission to the Casino at Monte Carlo is refused to persons unsuitably dressed, I think the policeman at the gate should bar the Row to such a lady as I saw there lately, whose costume comprised a covert coat, a pair of brown cords, finished by a pair of brown lace-up field boots.

In these days men wear anything—wide-awakes, straw hats, caps, etc. Whether this is better than the days of frock-coat, silk hat and strapped-down trousers I should not like to say; but it certainly is less formal, and in this leads to more slovenly riding. For the man who would slouch all over a pony when dressed in "rat-catcher" would straighten his back and square his elbows if he found himself in the riding costume *de rigueur* of the mid-Victorian time.

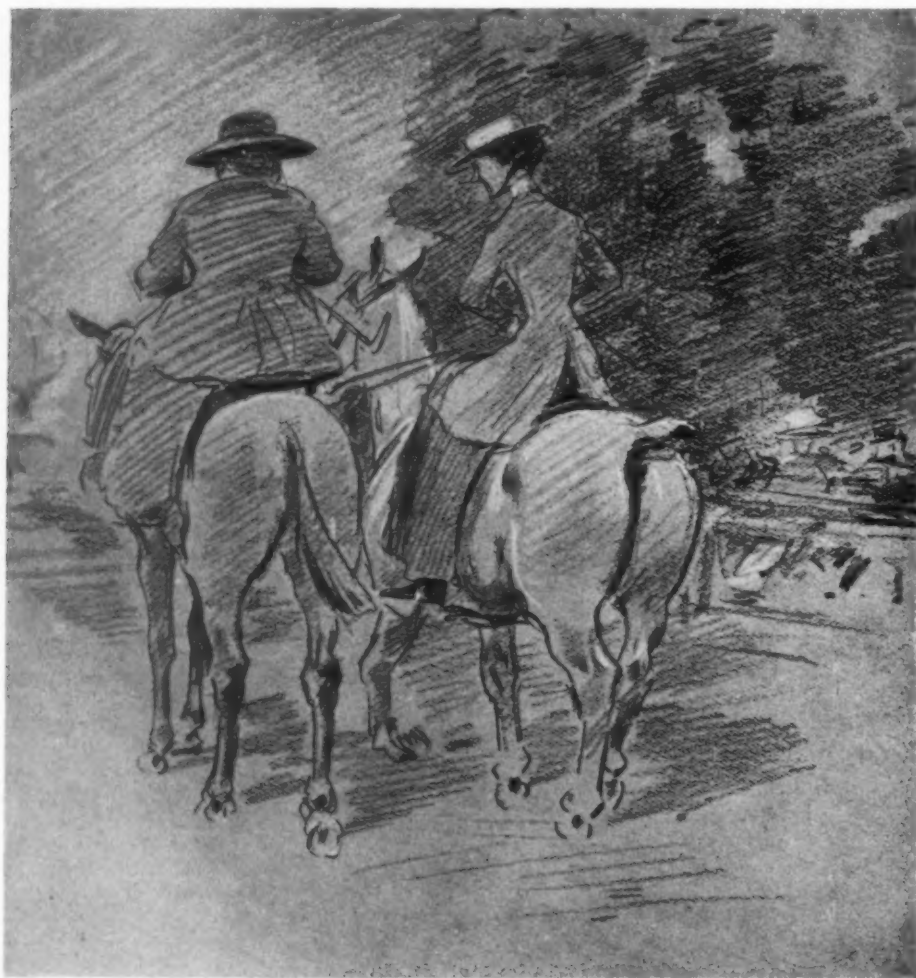
Horses have not changed so much, though I should say that more care was probably taken in those days about the appearance of the hack than now, when anything seems to do. Of course, then it was not so long since the hack had been an animal of daily use as well as amusement, and when unwritten rules for a correct costume were recognised, no doubt some

additional thought was given to the equine part of the *tout ensemble*. I daresay there were even then cases of those who rode in obedience to doctors' orders, and the short, stout gentleman could be seen giving his liver as much of a shaking up as was possible in a given time, just as he is to be seen now. I hope it afforded him as much good and the casual observer as much amusement as it does still. G.

## MR. HAWKES ON CANADIAN IMMIGRATION.

MANY of our readers are aware that, in the course of his investigation of the emigration problem, Mr. Hawkes visited London at the beginning of the present year. In addition to that he had previously interviewed the Ministers and officials of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. He has, in a word, looked round the whole of the question, and has issued an able report. The fundamental case for immigration to Canada is that it is necessary to the very existence of the Dominion. In his own words: "Every financial responsibility that has been assumed for the development of Canada, whether in pledging public credit for railways, or for civic expansion or for industrial enterprises, has been assumed in expectation of a greater increase of population than the natural increase." The problem is a complicated one. Capital flows into Canada chiefly from

Britain and the profits return as interest. This is something different from the permanent prosperity that comes from increase of production. Population is the ultimate security which Governments have to offer; or, as Mr. Hawkes puts it, "Governments borrow their money and establish their credit on the number of people who pay tribute." There is no part of the world in which people from other countries have been assimilated to such an extent as in Canada; but the two great sources have been the United States and Great Britain. From this country we send emigrants, mostly wage-earners, who scatter all over Canada. From the United States come farmers who confine themselves mostly to the prairie provinces. The former Postmaster-General, Mr. Lemieux, laid it down as "good policy to have the bulk of your immigration from the British Islands," and this view, in the opinion of the Commissioner, rests upon practical facts other than those of racial similarity and traditional political unity. After the introduction, of which this is a rough summary, he proceeds to deal with the needs of the various provinces.



A WEEDY THOROUGH-BRED AND A WEIGHT-CARRIER.

and woman, as the case may be, fit one another and are a joy to behold, but they are the exception. Much more often the stout woman smothers a little, weedy thorough-bred, or the thin and possibly graceful woman is carried by a stumpy, weight-carrying cob, and the same with the men. In the matter of costume, of the ladies at least, one treads upon dangerous ground; but were it at the risk of my life, I must say that the Row can produce more curiosities in the way of equestrian costume than any place I have ever seen. Ever since I can remember it this has been so. Some of the habits to be seen there are quite unique, and their origin only to be vaguely guessed at—as the work of an ingenious lady's-maid or some other amateur.

Lately a further complication has arisen in the form of costume for cross-saddle riding; and though no bigoted enemy of this for those whom it suits, some of the costumes to be seen any morning in Hyde Park would go far towards destroying any sympathy one may have for the innovation.

No place is more becoming to a woman who is suitably dressed than the back of a suitable horse. In the country latitude may be allowed in the matter of costume; but,



## QUEBEC.

Attempts to draw back to this province those who had left it for New England have not been very successful, and old-fashioned methods of farming still prevail. Mr. Hawkes does not say much about it, because a Special Commissioner is investigating the possibilities of enlarging immigration from France and Belgium, whose people would naturally be disposed to settle among the inhabitants.

## ONTARIO.

The Provincial Government has made an appropriation of 5,000,000 dol. for a settlement scheme in New Ontario, where 16,000,000 acres of fertile clay lands are being bisected by two transcontinental railways. It is estimated that the province might support four times as many people and stock as it does now. There has been a drain to the West, which has not been confined to people from the less-favoured localities. There seems to be a tendency to expect that the settler will undertake the old laborious method of clearing his land, and even work away from home to earn a little money while he is doing it.

## MANITOBA.

Winnipeg is said to have a population of 900 less than it had ten years ago, the lure of the West having taken many away. This probably is at the root of the "Million for Manitoba" movement. There is plenty of land to develop; but it is evident that this must be done by the Government or the railway companies, as it would require more capital than the average settler can command.

## SASKATCHEWAN.

Of the greatest wheat-producing province in the British Empire we are told that the need of people is almost as great as ever. It is pointed out that where wheat is a sure crop, the holding of land for rises is a positive hindrance to development. The evil seems to have been that of pouring people into the country and leaving them to pick up a mastery of conditions.

## ALBERTA.

The situation in Alberta is a duplicate of that in Saskatchewan. Here the coal-fields, however, are likely to produce a special industrial development, and irrigation in Southern Alberta is a unique feature in provincial progress. We are told that Alberta is taking courses of its own regarding taxation (aimed at wild real estate speculation) and other public responsibilities.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The special features of British Columbia are its mountainous configuration, its mineral resources, its contact with trans-Pacific trade, the heavy price of land, the high prices of all labour, the complexity of its coloured labour supply, the great cost and wide area of railway construction and the concentration of population in coast cities. These factors make the immigration of productive white people one of fundamental importance. There is great need for limiting land speculation, and also for genuine workpeople in the cultivable valleys.

## BRITISH CONDITIONS.

After stating a strong case for co-ordination between the Dominion and the provinces, Mr. Hawkes goes on to deal with the British conditions. He is unnecessarily apologetic, for we all know certain causes of dissatisfaction with the English immigrant. A great deal of it arises from the conceit on the part of many Englishmen that they come from the greatest country in the world, and are, therefore, superior to the Canadians. This prevents them from understanding the conditions under

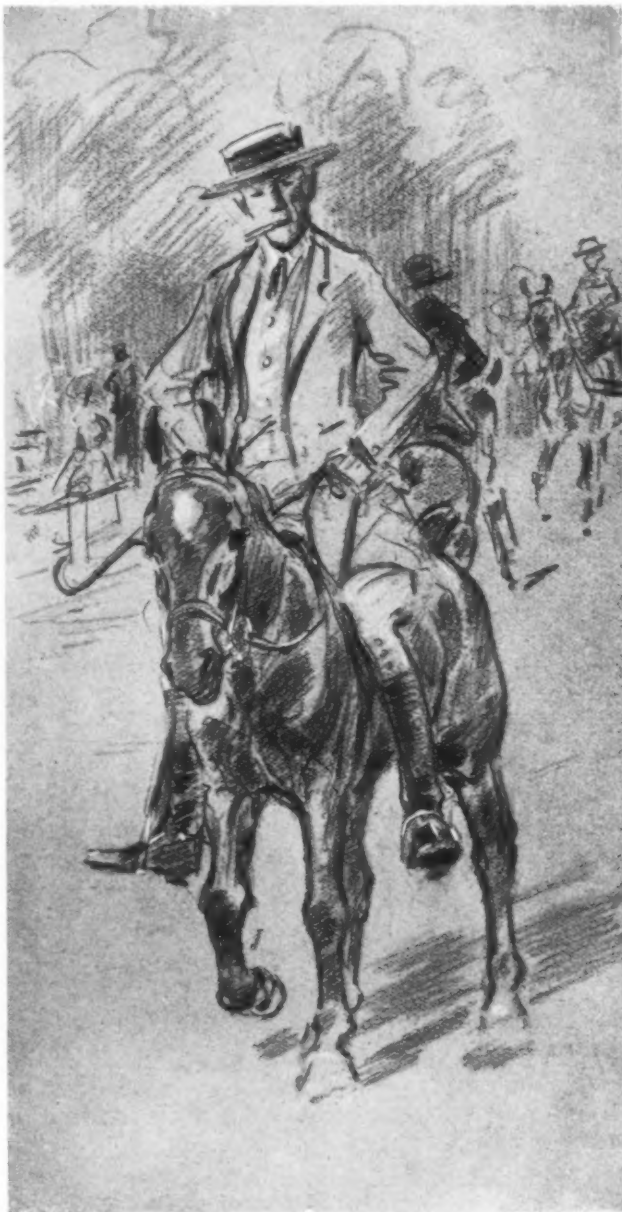
which they work, and, says Mr. Hawkes, "It is no wiser to assume that a man saturated with centuries of tradition and using an accent that has never been nipped by zero weather can make himself over again on sight." When the Englishman goes to Canada, it is no less than his duty to recognise the greatness of the Dominion and the fact that the environment there differs altogether from that in the Old Country. In a sentence, he must set himself with childlike docility to learn what his neighbours have to teach. They have had experience of the soil and climate which he has not. With a protest against the dumping of ineligibles into Canada, we have the greatest sympathy. On every possible account it is desirable that Britain should be represented in Canada by those who will do her credit. Mr. Hawkes issues a strong warning against shipping the dangerous classes out of the country. The only thing for

Britain to do with them, he says, is to say to them, "If you do not work you shan't eat." This is the more important because Canada, in spite of all rivalry, is now the favourite goal of those who leave England. At the beginning of the century twenty per cent. of our emigrants were going to the British Colonies, and now the proportion is eighty per cent. Mr. Hawkes says, "Some former resident of every village in the United Kingdom is flourishing in Canada."

## AUSTRALIAN RIVALRY.

A few years ago Australia seems to have had very little attraction for the English emigrant; now it has become a strong competitor against Canada. In 1902, only 4,366 emigrants left England for Australia; in 1911, the number was 66,758. This is an enormous increase, and the letters from English agents seem to show that it is likely to be continuous. They attribute the falling away in the number of Canadian emigrants to an increase in those for Australia. "It will interest you," says one of them, "to know that inquiries for Australian emigration have vastly increased in numbers and I have booked a large number of farm men to the various States of the Commonwealth. The reports from Australia are very gratifying, and no doubt the system of assisted passages together with nominated passages accounts for the present congested state of Australian shipping. So acute is this that, with the exception of New South Wales, all the other States have temporarily suspended the assisted passages." Another agent says, "In 1910 I booked 163 people to Canada and 32 to Australia and New Zealand. Last year I sent 126 to Canada and 88 to other countries." One of

the chief reasons for this seems to be climate; but the success of the settlers must also have had a great influence. Mr. Hawkes came across typical examples when he was over here. He says: "Two experiences of my own indicate the influences that must be reckoned with. In a Gloucestershire village I found that one family which went to Australia seven years ago caused three newly married couples to follow in three years' time, and another family had just left as the result of the story of success told by one of the young couples. In a Northern city, the Canadian agent told me the emigration to Australia amounted to nothing. A few minutes afterwards we found a booking agent attending to a young man and his wife who were enquiring about Australia. Presently he said that the long warm season attracts people. After all," he added, "you have only a two months' season in Canada, don't you?"



THE FASHION A FEW YEARS AGO.

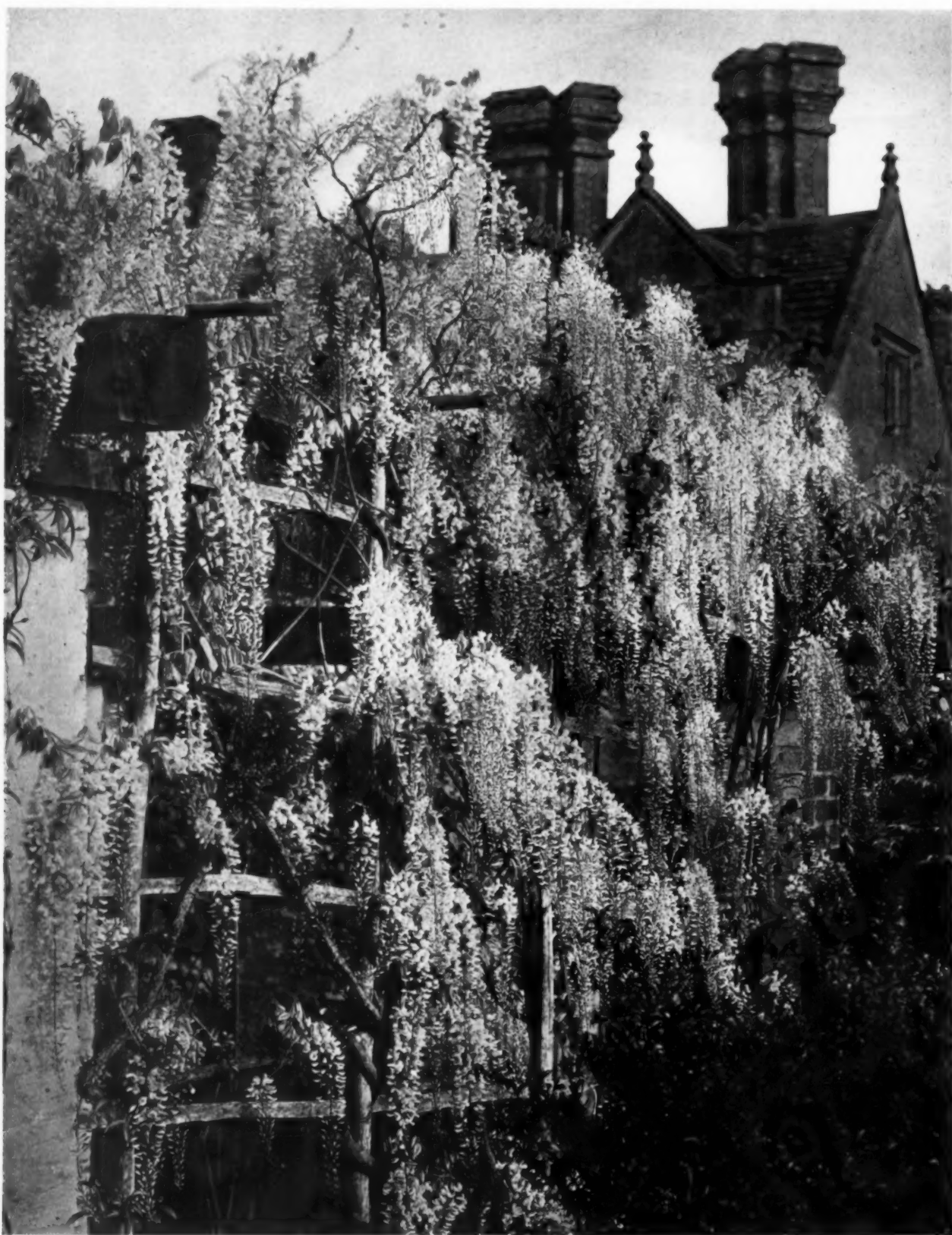
## IN THE GARDEN.

### WISTARIAS ON THE PERGOLA.

I HAD the pleasure in March of showing in your pages the structure of the pergola, and impressed upon your readers the importance of avoiding the flimsy, rustic sticks often used, and also the need of permanent supports, and of the pergola doing something to justify itself in giving ready access to parts of the garden. The past spring and summer have been rather gentle with us, and the bloom of some early summer flowers, especially the Wistarias, has been superb. We have these in two forms of the old Chinese Wistaria and two of the Japanese kind; and it

would not be easy in words to describe its grace and beauty and the curious abundance of flowers of the Japanese kind in its thousands of racemes in view at one time.

There are so many bodies offering prizes and certificates nowadays for new plants that it is curious this noble climber came into cultivation without any flourish of trumpets. Years after I had planted mine here, this Wistaria was not named in some important catalogues, and many gardens are not yet adorned with it. It seeds freely here, and probably the fact is taken account of in France and other countries to increase it, which may also account



G. Champion.

### OUTSIDE VIEW OF PERGOLA ON RISING GROUND.

Copyright.

Between flower garden and bowling green. (Structure shown in COUNTRY LIFE March 2nd of present year. Photographed at Gravetye in May).





G. Champion.

## PERGOLA BETWEEN ARRIVAL COURT AND GARDEN.

Copyright

(Structure shown in winter state in COUNTRY LIFE March 16th of present year. Photographed at Gravetye in May).

for the differences in the flower. This may also be occasionally due to soil, but in any case there is a marked difference in the sizes of the new blooms and racemes. The propagation should be by layers, only from the finer types of the plant, and from good, strong plants and layers the growth is very rapid and vigorous.

I am more than ever convinced of the excellence of the pergola way of showing the beauty of many plants. Pergolas are free from the over-attention of pruners who have to nail things to walls, etc. and the structure of a good pergola allows plenty of room for diversity and freedom of growth. The graceful idea of the structure comes to us from Italy and Southern countries, where the shade and the pleasure of gathering the Grapes was, no doubt, sufficient reason for it. Now, in our climate we have a greater variety of plants than can be grown to perfection in the South of Italy, and our summer climate is so mild that it encourages the bloom of many things which would be frizzled up in a hot country. On the other hand, we escape the "winter killing" of Northern Germany and North America, many of our climbers survive our winter. In short, our flora for the pergola is very rich and varied, and for displaying the beauty of plants there is nothing to equal it.

The outside is often full of grace, and the interior in the case of these Wistarias is a rain of beauty. Then there is the upper view, and in all directions one sees the plants to advantage. As to the numerous plants in our country which may adorn the pergola, we have the Clematis, which is the most graceful of all open-air flowers; Honeysuckles and the Vines. Of the latter, the Japanese Vines are the finest in colour of all. The Green Brier (Smilax), an important plant hitherto neglected; the Actinidias, important Japanese climbers which have not yet taken their true place in gardens; the Roses of the nobler order only, like Bouquet d'Or and Rêve d'Or; and the climbing Cramoisie, not the formless ramblers, offer a wide range of choice. In southern parts of the country and near the sea we may enjoy such plants as Mandevilla, Passion-flower and the pretty blue Sollya. Ivies, too, may help us very much in cold situations or where shelter is sought near the shore, some of the better varieties are among the most beautiful of the evergreens. As regards other forms of Wistaria, it is not unlikely we may get one or two from the mountains of China. One of great distinction is *W. brachybotrys*, very rare. The American species is not so good in our country; but an improved form of it would be worth a trial.

WM. ROBINSON.

## LITERATURE.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

AN interest suffused with melancholy is attached to the issue of the second supplement to *The Dictionary of National Biography* (Smith, Elder). Its publication was delayed owing to the death of King Edward VII. It furnishes biographies of noteworthy persons who died between January 22nd, 1901, and December 31st, 1911. There are to be three volumes, of which the first is before us. It is a reminder of the number of distinguished men who have passed away in the decade. First of all there is King Edward VII. The previous supplement brought us up to the death of Queen Victoria. Since then her successor has come to the Throne, lived through his brief reign and passed into history. Nor is he the only one. When Queen Victoria died Lord Salisbury was an old man, but his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. The late Duke of Devonshire was a pillar of the House of Lords. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had not yet been called to that Administration which will henceforth go by his name. These were, perhaps, the most distinguished

of those who are no more; but there were many others whose names were as household words. Sir Algernon Borthwick and Mr. Moberley Bell among journalists; Sir Walter Besant, Robert Buchanan and John Davidson in literature; Sir Charles Dilke, Earl Cowper and Earl Cawdor in politics; John Willis Clark, Lord Acton, Canon Ainger, Mr. Archer Hind, Dean Bradley and William Henry Dallinger in the ranks of scholarship, are but a few of the well-known names that occur in this first volume. Altogether in the three volumes no fewer than sixteen hundred and sixty individuals have been thought worthy of commemoration in this supplement. Of that number five hundred are placed in the first volume. It must have been difficult for the editor to discriminate; but if anybody could do so satisfactorily, Sir Sidney Lee is the man. He has the unemotional temperament, the quiet, steady judgment, and the detachment of view which are most necessary for the work. As far as a casual examination goes, we can think of no name that has been omitted and, if there are a few whose inclusion is questionable, the fault is on the right side. In his preface, Sir Sidney Lee makes

an extremely curious analysis of the names, by which it would appear that more great minds take to literature than to any other calling. There are one hundred and fifteen so classified, in comparison with eight sportsmen and nineteen lawyers. The explanation is probably twofold. In the first place, literature has always been a refuge for what Carlyle called "expatulated spiritualisms"; in the second, it is a very vocal calling. Those who are in it have better opportunities than anybody else of blowing their own trumpet.

The best biography in the book is undoubtedly that of King Edward VII., by Sir Sidney Lee. The subject is one that very few men could have handled so well. There is, on the one side, the tendency to fulsome praise. The flatterer has ever followed in the footsteps of the monarch. Against that is the tendency of extreme men to vilification. Sir Sidney Lee, it appears to us, has discussed the career and character of the late King with manliness, candour and insight. He refrains from praising him for qualities which he never possessed, and yet manages to portray him as a lovable and even a strong character, who, in spite of well-meant but injudicious training, managed to fill a king's seat in a most kingly manner. Of his education the editor writes very frankly. When he was six months old Baron Stockmar, whom Prince Albert regarded as a mentor, but who was in reality little more than a pompous and prosaic wiseacre, laid down certain principles by which the Prince of Wales should be trained, putting a vast amount of emphasis on the inculcation of sound moral principles, and especially on his being imbued with "truly English sentiment." It was the phrase of a foreigner, but was fully accepted by Prince Albert and Queen Victoria. In consequence, the boy was subject to restraints enough to have ruined the finest disposition. He was continually under the tutelage of middle-aged or elderly people who had no sympathy with childhood. Playmates of his own age were not permitted him, though as he grew older boys were selected from Eton to spend an hour or two with the Prince at Windsor. It is easy to imagine how they must have been on their good behaviour all the time, and that the Prince of Wales never knew the rough and tumble of equal comradeship. He never learned even to play the outdoor games natural to boyhood, and although in later life he developed into a fine sportsman, he never took kindly to games. He could ride well and shoot and handle a sail; but organised games, such as cricket and football, were a sealed book to him. It was the same at Oxford, where he was perpetually under surveillance, and the same abroad, where he was guarded and watched with irritating care. Such constant oversight could lead to nothing but rebellion, and it needs no telling that the Prince lived two lives, one as the demure and docile pupil and the other as a rebel against the rules by which he was governed. Queen Victoria carried out her ideas of suppression even when he was much older. After Prince Albert's death she allowed the Prince of Wales to represent her on formal and ceremonious occasions; but she was very strongly opposed to his being admitted into the world of politics, and hence, when he came to the Throne, he was considerably ignorant of the formal duties of a King. Prince Albert had attached great importance to minute care of appearance, deportment and dress, and the lesson was so well learned that "to the formalities of official custom he paid through life an almost exaggerated attention." Sir Sidney Lee speaks of "an uneasy fear on the Queen's part that her eldest son might on reaching manhood check the predominance which it was her wish that her husband should enjoy as her chief counsellor." The Prince of Wales was always affectionate towards his mother, but it is significant that up to her death he always addressed her in simple, filial style, beginning with "Dear Mama" and ending "Your affectionate and dutiful son." He was sixty when he succeeded, and at that age it was impossible to shake off the habits of a lifetime. His tact and good sense enabled him to fill his position with dignity, and he won golden opinions from all sorts of people; but he did not give politics that concentrated attention which they received from Queen Victoria. The Queen had been in the habit of expecting from the Prime Minister, whoever he was, a hand-written letter describing the proceedings in Parliament every night. The lives of her Prime Ministers contain frequent references to the statesmen of the moment being engaged in writing this despatch. King Edward was not so insistent on an old fashion. He permitted the use of a secretary and a typewriter, and had the habit of mind that held the Minister responsible for his actions without troubling to make that enquiry into them which led to Queen Victoria's vast correspondence with her Ministers. In the latter part of the memoir, Sir Sidney Lee has contributed a most illuminating chapter to political history. He shows the pacific character of the King; how he wished the South African War to end, and yet would not have it finish ingloriously; how he went abroad because he loved to be on the Continent and to meet interesting personalities; how he preached peace in a way and

yet never interfered with the work of the foreign Minister of the day or attempted to act as an amateur Ambassador. In home politics he was equally careful not to meddle with what he regarded as the business of the Government of the day. He did not like the famous Budget of Mr. Lloyd-George; but he also thought that the House of Lords made an error in throwing it out. He was equally worried by Mr. Asquith's plan for reducing the power of the House of Lords and that of Lord Landsowne to make it an electoral body; but he refused to interfere in the manner in which Queen Victoria would almost certainly have interfered. The conflict was raging at its most acute stage when he was sickening for death. The biography is a very fine one. Sir Sidney Lee has brought out the true outlines of the character of Edward VII., and yet has done so in a manner that endears him to our memory. His faults were very human and his virtues of a kind that men admire.

The life of Lord Salisbury is written by Algernon Cecil. The story is largely one of recent politics. Mr. Cecil, indeed, skims lightly over the early days when young Robert Cecil was glad to eke out his income by journalising in the *Saturday Review* and elsewhere; yet some of the work he did there was of as high quality as anything he achieved in later life. Otherwise, it is a very satisfactory memoir. So is that of the late Duke of Devonshire by his biographer, Mr. Bernard Holland. Sir Charles Dilke is adequately treated by Mr. J. R. Thursfield, and the shorter notices are written with most creditable efficiency.

#### THE AMATEUR MENAGERIE CLUB, 1912.

COMPARATIVELY few people are aware that there are sufficient owners of private menageries in existence to form a club; but the appearance of this little book, which is privately printed and distributed only among the members, will give a good idea of the fashion of keeping wild animals. The president of the club is Lord Lilford; the vice-president, Lord Altamont; and the treasurer, Mr. G. Tyrwhitt-Drake. In addition to the rules, there is a good deal of other interesting material in the pages, as, for example, a concise statement of the objects of the club and of its advantages. The objects are, briefly, to encourage and help private individuals who are desirous of starting menageries, and to enable members to buy, sell and import birds and animals easily. A number of short, but extremely interesting, articles are also printed. They include an epitome of all that is known about Park Cattle by Sir Claud Alexander, Bart.; an essay on British Mustelins in Captivity, by Douglas English; an interesting note on a Zebra-Pony Hybrid, by Mr. Arthur Yates of Bishops Sutton; and another on the Capybara, by Mr. H. E. Dennis. This animal is the largest living rodent, and in shape looks like a gigantic guinea-pig, with longer legs. It is a native of Eastern South America. Mr. Dennis says that he has bred specimens over one hundred pounds in weight when three years old, and two old males weighed respectively one hundred and twenty-five pounds and one hundred and thirty pounds. The number of young produced at birth is usually between three and eight, and the period of gestation, seventeen or eighteen weeks. As pets, they are said to be affectionate in disposition and cleanly in habit, and they are easily fed. Mr. Henning writes a capital article on Monkeys, and Mr. Wingfield a delightful one on Draught Animals, illustrated by a merry-looking company riding llamas and a guanaco at Amptill. Mr. Scott Miller writes on St. Kilda Sheep, and Herr Carl Hagenbeck on the Ostrich Farm at Stellingen. Reptiles in Captivity are dealt with by Mr. Gerard H. Guernsey.

#### THE LONDON CHARTERHOUSE.

**The Charterhouse of London, Monastery, Palace and Sutton's Foundation,** by W. F. Taylor (Dent).

CHARTERHOUSE seems to have appealed to Mr. Taylor chiefly as monastery, for he devotes twelve of his nineteen chapters to this aspect of one of London's most interesting but least known buildings. The story of the martyrdom of the Carthusians at the Dissolution is well and fairly told. Whatever the vices of other monastic houses, the Carthusians at least did not deserve their savage doom. The human side of Charterhouse history is Mr. Taylor's theme; its architectural history, especially during North's and Norfolk's ownership, is but lightly indicated. It may be hoped that a complete historical plan of the buildings will be prepared before long. Mr. Carpenter's was good, and might well have been reproduced by Mr. Taylor, but it has some mistakes. Of Sutton and his foundation an adequate account is given, and Thackeray and Colonel Newcome find their place in the story. The book is an agreeable contribution to the popular histories of London's buildings.

#### WINGS AND HACKLE.

**A Pot-Pourri of Fly-Fishing for Trout and Grayling, and of Notes on Bird Life, chiefly in Hampshire, Devon and Derbyshire,** by Raymond Hill. (C. B. Horwood and Co.)

A GENERAL idea of the scope of Mr. Hill's book may be gathered from the title-page. From internal evidence may be learnt the fact that the author is a member of the Stock Exchange, who has had to take his chance, fishing on open or club waters at odd times snatched from the City, and that he is a thoughtful and keen sportsman, entering whole-heartedly into the pleasures to be derived from hours spent at the river-side. Apart from a few useful hints for beginners the book does not profess to be instructive; but being a record of some experiences of a fisherman who knows what he is writing about, and how to write about it, so as to interest the reader, it is impossible to read it without adding to one's store of angling knowledge. The author has a way of putting things and of introducing, occasionally, metaphors culled from the City which is novel and quietly humorous, and his subjects are sufficiently varied and written in such friendly spirit that the reader cannot help being on good terms with the author.





## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## THE BITER BIT.

BY  
H. MUSGRAVE.



THE young man who called in at Selina Glover's cottage on the edge of the moor carried a knapsack and was of respectable appearance and suave address. Old Selina had watched him climb the hill to her isolated dwelling, and as he came up the little garden-path her shrewd grey eyes took in a celluloid collar and an assertive gold pin. Externals conveyed a good deal to this old woman. She stood waiting in her doorway. He wanted a glass of spring water, surely, this hot day! Ginger-beer, too, she had in her back kitchen, if he liked to pay, or, maybe, a "cup o' tay" and a "spread o' crame."

The gentleman entered and sat down on a chair she dusted with her apron, and his lack-lustre eye, without much apparent roving, instantly took in a mantel-shelf well adorned with old brass and bell-metal candlesticks and mortars, likewise a Toby jug and a good-sized lustre jug. Yes, certainly, he would like a cup of tea, he said, pleasantly, reflecting that the making of it would give time to estimate the contents of this humble cottage. The humbler, the better for a man of his seeking profession. Old Selina quickly bestirred herself at the open hearth; but as she raked the smouldering sticks together and took down her bellows, she looked under her arm and watched the wanderings of her visitor's eyes. The cherry-cheeked old dame took on new wrinkles of laughter as she turned her attention to the kettle.

"You must have a lonely time of it up here," the man began.

"Yes, so it used ter be, mister; but sinst they motors began to come along top road, I hears and sees a sight more of the big world."

"No sons or daughters about?" he said, rising from his seat and carelessly taking up a frame of tinsel with the portrait of a young woman, which stood on a corner table. He handled the photograph, but his eye was estimating an old snuff-box on a shelf. It did not prove satisfactory.

"Just a lone widdier woman," she rejoined.

"The Old Age Pension, of course?" he said, affably.

Mrs. Glover swung the kettle round on the crook. "Not yet," she said. "I bain't old enuf."

"How on earth do you live, then?" said the man.

"There's my darter over Lynton way, she 'lows me summat, and I does a bit o' nursing at times."

By this time Selina had produced a tea-pot from a cupboard and had placed it carefully at the far end of her long table, one of the old-fashioned farmhouse sort, which set a wide distance between her and the guest.

"A nice old tea-pot," he said, casually, with unblinking eyes.

"I daresay, now, if it isn't cracked it's worth a little money. You oughtn't to use it every day. Tin tea-pots are cheap enough."

"Cheap and nasty," said Mrs. Glover, sharply. "I can't abide a metal tay-pot. And this 'ere one have been in the fambly a sight o' years."

"It looks like Oriental ware," said the visitor, indifferently.

"Ter be sure it are Ora-yental, as they says. It belonged my mother, and she useter say her father bring'd 'un from Injy." She eyed the man askance as she carefully dropped in two teaspoonfuls of tea. Her rosy face was as innocent as a cherub's. "Yer see, I don't take much count of my old chiney things, though there be some as come along and say tain't no rubbidge in my cottage."

Mrs. Glover had started cutting bread and butter and stood sideways to her guest, guarding the tea-pot. Her glance travelled his direction between the slaps of her knife on the loaf. There was something about the gentleman's hands which seemed to attract her attention. It was not the large diamond ring on the third finger so much as a maimed little finger, which appeared as crooked as if an injury had happened to it some time, that caused her to look again and again. At last she said:

"It seems like you've hurted your finger some time?" She leaned forward. He looked down at his hand.

"Yes, it was caught in a window-sash and broke the top joint."

Mrs. Glover cackled harshly, without any apparent sympathy with the sufferer. "Folks shouldn't put their hands inside winders they're not acquainted with, I reckon."

The man raised his eyes in a long, cold stare. There could not possibly be any meaning behind that innocent, smiling gaze.

"Have you been in these parts before?" she said, giving a final slap with her knife as she wiped it on the crust of the loaf.

"No, never. I'm a tourist from London, a clerk taking a holiday. I love these lonely districts."

"Surely it are tarrible pratty by summer time and there's a dale o' pratty things hidden in these old places which no auctioneer gets wind of. Your tay's ready, mister."

He drew up his chair and helped himself to bread and butter.

"I'll pour for yer sinst you'll be fear'd o' breakin' the tay-pot." Selina gave another cackle. "Right you are, it's Ora-yental."

"I suppose you've had people wanting to buy it," said the man, his expressionless blue eyes staring at the tea-pot, which Mrs. Glover flourished aloft as she proclaimed its Eastern origin. He was scheming how to get it in his own hand and test its weight and genuine quality. As if in answer to his desire, Selina turned her back and approached the hearth. In an instant of time he changed his place and picked it up. But he was not quick enough for Mrs. Glover, who had fought such foes before. In a little old-fashioned mirror set over the mantel-shelf at a considerable angle she caught the marauder's movement. He did not know the tea-pot was her mascot, and had turned many a golden guinea into her pocket. Its undoubted quality helped to authenticate other possessions.

Town harpies are apt to consider country wits are all wool-gathering. But guileless sheep now and then recognise a wolf in their folds. Slowly Selina turned round, to give the man due time to reseat himself.

"Mayhap you'll like to look at some other chiney?" she said in turning, "seein' you've a sort of knowldgment o' sich things." She lifted the lustre jug from the mantel-shelf and placed it in front of her visitor.

"And where did you get this, missis?" he said, his cold gaze estimating the unusual size of the jug.

"It were just a poor neighbour's I nursed of. She give it me out o' gratitood, knowin' as them who were ready to clutch her furniture wouldn't pay me much. A tarrible old body she were to swear and smoke—'ad her pipe put in her coffin she did. And seein' she promised me the jug with her last breath, I just took it away after I laid 'er out. You don't never say it's worth more than a shillin' or two." Selina affected surprise.

"Oh yes, a few shillings," said the man, casually.

"Deary, deary me, you do seem to have a good knowldgment, mister. I don't set a great store on the jug, rememberin' how she used to swear at me. Would yer like to offer summat for her?"

"I'd sooner have the tea-pot," said the man, his gaze returning to his first love; "it reminds me of one my grandmother had."

"Ay, to be sure, there's a lot o' young men wi' grandmothers as 'ad tay-pots quite simil-ar, and they all of 'em reckoned to give me a high price for she. But no," she sighed heavily, "I cudn't never get a imitation like her." She paused and, with genuine anxiety, added, "Cud I now?"

"I'm afraid not," said the man, moved by an unusual enthusiasm to tell the truth. "Anyhow, I'll buy the jug as a souvenir of your kindness." He took up the jug with a backward glance at the tea-pot.

"You may have the jug if yer give me a fair price."

"Five shillings," he said, promptly.

Selina laughed, unmirthfully, and replaced the jug on the mantel-shelf. "She'll bide along o' the brassy things as a ornymant at that price."

"Well, what do you want?" the man said.

"You said a few shillings," she persisted.

He shrugged his shoulders and shifted his knapsack.

"That there bag seems a bit heavy?" said Selina, interrogatively.

"Will you take ten for the jug?" said the man. "I've got the fellow to it at home, and they look better in a pair."

Selina's smile broadened. "They always wants a pair. Well, mister, you may look at her again and see the valley. I'll take twelve shillin'." She placed the faultless piece of lustre once more before him.

"Twelve shillings and nothing to pay for the tea," he said, handling it with the touch of a connoisseur.

"No, nothing for the tea, and I'll pack her careful for you in straw and a box. You'll be goin' up the moorside and coming this way back, I reckon."

The man moved uneasily. Had the old eyes recognised his "village industry"? Her glance was fixed on the maimed finger so indicative of disaster.

"There's Mrs. Tucker, her lives up to Three Bridges, and has a tay-pot her might sell of. It's got little flowers spotted all over. She calls of it Wuster." Again the man seemed to doubt her simple manner, but Selina appeared to have no meaning in her information.

"Well, I don't know if I can get much further, but anyhow it's too early to turn back to the station. You'll make up my parcel for me while I get a breath more moor air. My train to Bristol is only due at five."

Selina nodded with gracious assent. "Ter be sure, mister. I've got a cardboard box the very thing. She hev travelled a good bit a'ready, and is tarrible strong. Now, just look the jug over careful and see if there's no crack. I wouldn't like to do yer, mister—then yer can hand over twelve shillings."

The man did as requested, and then produced twelve shillings.

"A bit o' receipt you'd like?"

"Oh no," he said, unguardedly. "I shan't come back this way any time."

Her eyes twinkled.

When the traveller had departed Selina replaced her beautiful lustre jug on the mantel-shelf and, producing a key from her pocket, dived her old head into a wall cupboard. From the depths of this receptacle she produced another jug of the same size and colouring, and what might be to an inexperienced eye a duplicate jug. She looked at it with a broad smile.

"You ain't got no crack neither, but you're only a poor sort o' copy. I wonder how mister will look ternight when he gets home and unpacks of yer. Anyway, seein' you're not much valley when you're whole, I must take more care you don't get broke before you reaches home."

Then much straw and paper was produced from the same cupboard which harboured other imitations, and after serious wrappings inside a cardboard box the parcel was ready for the returning traveller.

He came joyfully down the hill, for he had done a good deal. Selina's face went longer when she saw his big parcel. He had netted something good, of course. She obstructed the doorway.

"Her tea-pot was no good," said the man; "modern rubbish; but I got a beautiful old cider mug, two hundred years old."

"They didn't never sell you that?" said Selina.

The man nodded. "Quite pleased to get a sovereign." Selina brooded a space.

"Yer seems to know summat about chiney. See yer don't get took in some day. They're gettin' a bit smarter hereabouts of late."

Again she smiled broadly, and looked at his left hand.

"Have yer ever been Lynton way? Miles over the moor there's a sight of ignorant folk left."

The man started, but denied acquaintance with Lynton.

"Well, here's your parcel packed tight enow. Don't yer go bastin' I sold yer a old glass jug for twelve shillings. Good day to yer."

And with the same broad smile on her face Selina shut the door on the man. Her daughter over Lynton way had described last year a traveller who had picked out some oddments from her china cupboard, for which he had given a few shillings. She had refused to part with a Wedgwood flower-pot which stood on the window-sill, and he, with covetous eyes upon it, had opened the window from outside to offer a little more. The window-sash, not used to such happenings, had slammed down on his hand and maimed his little finger. Therefore Selina knew her visitor for what he was at a glance. It was not the first encounter with such robbers, and she stood ever at attention.

And when a weary traveller arrived late at his Bristol emporium with a knapsack full of spoils he was cheered by the thought of a good campaign.

Having unpacked various satisfactory gleanings, he came to Selina's box, the last, and unfolded the wrappings carefully. The jug was unbroken, but surely the gas was dim. He turned it up and quickly looked the jug over. At the base there was a ticket which had not been there in the afternoon. Thereon was inscribed the full tale—6½.

He uttered a low curse, and flung the jug on the floor. The biter had been bit.

## GEORG ANDREAS AGRICOLA

THE subject of this sketch was born at Ratisbon (Regensburg) in 1672, and died there in 1738. He was a prominent physician in his native town, and occupied his leisure in horticultural experiments of a remarkable kind. By his contemporaries he was generally regarded as either a madman or a rogue, the preponderance of opinion being towards the latter view. As we shall see, his methods of advertisement were unpleasantly like those of a later date; but we of an age more tolerant to such artifices should be more disposed to do G. A. Agricola the justice hitherto denied him.

In 1715 he published an "Epistola Invitatoria," wherein he proposed a scheme for improved methods of propagation. He promised to show to one hundred and sixty persons, each of whom was to pay twenty-five guilders, how to produce enough mature fruit trees in three years to cover whole fields and hillsides with profitable orchards. He further proposed to plant large woods by means of an equally small number of parent trees. All this was to be effected without seeds and by the sole agency of his own method, which required no aid save that of fire and a "vegetable mummy," or dressing, invented by himself. It is not surprising that most of his pupils went away unsatisfied, though a general feeling reigned that Agricola, albeit a rogue, was a clever and suggestive one. In his "Versuch einer Universalvermehrung aller Bäume," etc., published in 1716, he indignantly denies that he ever promised to show how the growth of trees might be accelerated. He states, however, that he is engaged on the preparation of a "mercurial salt" for that purpose, and promises to disclose its composition—a promise never fulfilled.

The first part of Agricola's "Versuch" is devoted to a wonderfully minute examination of germination, and of its relation to analogous processes in animals. Thence he proceeds to a rather wearisome and gossiping consideration of a multitude of largely irrelevant questions; for example, whether the palengenesia of plants from their ashes be possible; whether the fruit of Eden were an apple or a fig; of the origin of the cosmos; of the philosopher's stone, etc. When at length he gets to his subject proper he begins by telling us why so many grafts fail. The stock, he says, must be cut from north to south, and the scion must be shaped from a bud, which latter is a very suggestive remark.

Agricola regards every bud and every piece of root as a potential tree. He teaches that the roots of felled trees should be excavated, cut into pieces some three inches long, dipped at both ends into warm "mummy" (composed of one part of white wax to four parts of pitch melted together) and planted. The pieces of root may be grafted before planting, thus effecting a great saving of time. Agricola's own practice was to plant them in boxes, in a greenhouse of his own design, heated by a flue. He even treated branches in the same way, cutting them between the "annular joints" or regularly-recurring protuberances, by which he claimed to be able to judge the age of a tree. He found that longer cuttings of roots and branches "struck" more readily and grew quicker if bent into a bow and tied. The only use he made of fire outside his greenhouse was to heat his mumia, which was of three kinds. Mumia forestris was composed of four parts of common pitch to two parts of turpentine, the mixture to be heated till it refused to run when ladled out. Mumia nobilis contained, besides pitch and turpentine, wax, myrrh and aloes; while Mumia nobilissima, used only for exotics, was made of copal, purified turpentine, wax, myrrh, aloes and mastic.

Great stress is laid by Agricola on the virtues of "inverse" grafting, by which term he means the insertion of scions into the stem of a tree in such a way that they shall point towards the earth. He does not seem to have had any difficulty in getting such grafts to grow, though his directions to insert the pared scion between the wood and the raised bark seem inadequate. He claimed that an old stem thus treated would produce a shapely pyramid without further training, and would attain a speedier and more fruitful maturity. He was quite well acquainted with "double-grafting on the quince," and went further by recommending fourfold grafting for very choice pears, believing that, if the sorts used were well chosen, each would add a merit to the ultimate fruit. We all know what an effect the use of the quince as stock has on the colour of pears, and it seems reasonable to suppose that Agricola did not here speak without his book.

Agricola also invented a powerful healing agent for wounds inflicted accidentally or during pruning. He called it Balsamum vegetabile, and announced its composition as sweet almond oil two ounces and boiled turpentine half an ounce. One of his very interesting experiments on seeds was to soak almonds for several hours in a mixture of spirits of wine and a solution of nitre. When



removed the nuts were found to sprout in an incredibly short time. Another remarkable series of results was obtained by soaking wheat in a solution of nitre. Not only did the grains germinate with surprising rapidity, but they yielded a good crop in very poor ground. Agricola characteristically concluded that, provided seed were properly prepared before sowing, the quality of the soil was of small importance. Had his *Sal mercurialis* ever appeared,

we may be quite sure that its chief constituent would have been nitre.

Agricola's work was translated into Dutch (1719), French (three editions, 1720, 1722, 1752), and into English (1721 and 1726). The last honour is quite probably unique for any German original up to and past the date of publication.

SYDNEY H. KENWOOD.

## ZOOLOGICAL PHOTOGRAPHS AT REGENT'S PARK

TO look round the walls of the exhibition of the Zoological Photographic Club at Regent's Park is to recognise that birds are the favoured subjects of the zoological photographer. Not every visitor who comes to admire those beautiful pictures will appreciate all that they mean in the way of human endeavour. For one

thing, they are gathered from all points of the compass. In one we see a New Forest background; in another a rock on the Farne Islands; in a third the scenery of the Broads; in a fourth a bit of the rocky Scillies, and so on. But the travel is the least of it. The hunter who stalks his prey in order to shoot it has an easy task compared to that of the



A. M. Stewart.

A GANNET HOVERING.

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*H. Willford.*

## THE SKYLARK'S NEST.

*Copyright.*

photographer who desires only to carry off its image in his dark slide. He must, like the sportsman, first make himself familiar with the habits and haunts of these shy wildings, then he must not only be able to approach within much closer range than is necessary for the use of firearms, but must go about so gently as not to alarm them or even make them shift their

ground. The very essence of his craft lies in getting the camera into play when the birds are unconsciously living the life of the wild: searching their food on land or sea; singing their lays of courtship on rock or bough; brooding their eggs, or feeding their young in their secluded homes; flying hither and thither on the small errands that make up so much of the

*H. Willford.*

## THE KESTREL'S EYRIE.

*Copyright.*





C. J. King.

## OYSTER-CATCHER APPROACHING NEST.

Copyright.

life history of the bird. Often more than a cunning field-lore is required. Actual and immediate dangers have to be encountered by climbing or making smooth difficult kinds of approach, and dangers no less real because they are further removed have to be courageously faced. We refer to the maladies that frequently are the sequel to long exposure in bitter winds and sometimes even in water. A photographer has been known to stand for hours up to the neck in order to photograph a bird of the reeds in an unguarded moment when it did not dream that any eye was regarding it. The feat involved more stubborn perseverance than was needed by the skilled enthusiast who had himself lashed to the rocks in order that he might be able to photograph the turmoil of waves in

an Atlantic storm. Those quiet-looking frames, with their exquisite portrayal of the many phases of bird-life, are emblems

of many a victory gained over natural obstacles. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will see many familiar pictures on the wall. It has been an honour and our good fortune to be able to reproduce many of the very finest achievements in bird photography. Indeed, the subject represents the most beautiful side of country life. William Morris, in one of his prose poems, refers to birds as blossoms of the air, and indeed they have all the colour and all the charm of flowers, with much that has been added—wings that enable them to perform the most beautiful evolutions in animal nature, and throats which pipe the simple, natural music of the wood and field. Marvellous



R. B. Lodge.

## GREY SHRIKE.

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*Miss G. M. S. Best.*

## A COLONY OF BLACK-HEADED GULLS.

*Copyright.*

it must always be that human ingenuity has found a means of fixing and transferring the motion of birds. Take, for example, the gannet, which forms the subject of our first illustration. All of us have watched it winging its way along the coast, hovering over the sea, into which it will dash like some descending weight and rise again with a prey wriggling in its

mouth. There are few things in Nature more beautiful than the sight of a gannet fishing; but the view, as a general rule, is distant. It is, in fact, a gleam of white wings and falling feathers, a foaming splash into the water, a recovery and a moving away on wide pinions. The photographer-artist has, as it were, brought the operation close to us, and this

*Alfred Taylor.*

## HERON.

*Copyright.*



points to the greatest merit of the exhibition as a whole. It is scarcely possible that anyone but a professed naturalist should have a close acquaintance with British birds, wild and untamed, in their natural surroundings. If they are examined in cages or in confinement of any kind, they lose the greater part of their charm. They may even become monstrous, or at any rate very undesirable objects, as drooping and discouraged they yield to the impossibility of escape from their prison bars. Thus, were it not for this photography of the open air, the average person would not be able to realise the movements and habits of these birds. He might read about them in the papers and form some sort of rude picture in his mind, but the camera brings all this home with the vividness of actual life. Here, on these walls, birds are flying and feeding their young, and living their lives in unconstrained freedom. This is what no collection of living animals can offer.

This reflection leads to a very obvious suggestion. The Zoological Society has an opportunity which may not occur again. Here, in its own offices, are collected the finest pictures of British animals extant at the moment. It is not an absolutely complete representation of all the birds that figure on the British

To return to the pictures. Those that we have reproduced may not be the best in the collection, but they illustrate our comments. In Mr. Willford's skylark we have one of our commonest and most-admired birds, that has not been photographed to anything like the extent of some others. It is an exquisite little picture, showing the parent and her brood with the nest characteristically placed on the ground—one of those combinations of maternal tenderness and innocent helplessness which make the charm of this class of pictures. Mr. Willford has been equally successful with the kestrel and brood. Everybody admires the windhover, and its soaring and hovering are as pretty as anything that can be imagined. The more regret do we feel that this most beautiful of our hawks should be perceptibly decreasing in numbers, whether owing to the mistaken zeal of the game-preserve or to other causes. It is a bird that certainly does more good than harm, even if it cannot be exonerated from the crime of helping itself to a fledgeling game-bird. This is no great price to pay for the service which it renders in attacking mice and other small pests of the farm. With Mr. King's picture of the oyster-catcher approaching its nest we are transported away to the rocky islands where he



Riley Fortune.

## GUILLEMOTS.

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list; but it could very well be made the nucleus of an exhaustive collection, as no doubt additions could be made from year to year of those birds that are not shown in the exhibition. The prints are the best that can be made. They are framed in a uniform, quiet and excellent style. Why, then, should the society not purchase them as a permanent addition to the Zoo? Visitors would certainly appreciate this extension as much as they do the arrival of a new animal. It would give them something interesting and instructive to look at, and would form a reference gallery which young ornithologists would be glad at times to refer to. Perhaps the rejoinder will be made that the Zoological Society has not at its disposal funds that could be appropriately devoted to this cause. Surely, however, among the public there is many a one who would be willing to present the collection in its entirety. This is no suggestion emanating from the photographers themselves, although it is intimated in the catalogue that the individual pictures are for sale. They would be much more valuable as a collection than if scattered up and down the country in the possession of a considerable number of private owners. We throw out the hint for what it is worth, and hope the seed will fall on fruitful ground.

does most of his work. His is, in very sooth, an artist's picture, because, in addition to giving a very fine portrait of the bird, the surroundings are so beautifully characteristic of its habitat. The flowers, the stones and the giant boulders remind one of many a pleasant wander in those remote islands. Mr. R. B. Lodge was one of the pioneers in "free" photography, if not actually the first. It is stated in the preface to the catalogue that he and the brothers Kearton commenced their photography of free, wild birds in the early nineties, independently of one another, but in the same locality—Enfield. Mr. Lodge has made a very great advance since the early nineties, and the grey shrike taken in the very act of singing is a capital specimen of his work. Miss Best has given us in her study of black-headed gulls a charming picture of this inland-breeding sea-bird. It is none the worse because taken in repose, with the birds either sitting on the nest or resting tranquilly in the water. Equal praise may be given to the guillemots by Mr. Riley Fortune, a picture which seems to come from the Outer Farnes; at any rate, something very like it can be seen there in the brooding season of the year. Mr. Alfred Taylor's heron is not unworthy of comparison with his beautiful pictures of the cuckoo.



As an inhabited house Drayton has an earlier record than Knole. Of the latter nothing is known as a residence until the second half of the fifteenth

century. Of the former we have considerable portions dating from the fourteenth century, and knowledge that it was the seat of an important local family very much earlier. Yet the general aspect of Knole gives a sense of greater antiquity than does Drayton. How often in these days when there is money in the word "old" do auctioneers seem to ante-date the buildings they offer for sale! They call a sash-windowed house "Elizabethan," and speak of the thirteenth century origin of an apparently modern residence. Yet there is often this of truth in what they say, that though the early details have all been removed or superseded, something remains of the older structure. In the same way the sash windows and classic details of the entrance front of Drayton do not alter the fact that its walls are those of a mediæval hall, while the "crypt" next to it is the undercroft of the solar whence the de Drayton ladies looked down through a quint on to the feasting below.

As a folio volume of six hundred and ninety-five pages was published in 1685 on the subject of the owners of Drayton, we might well hope for much reliable information as to the building and general history of the house. Pedigrees, however, and not architecture, are the theme of Robert Halstead's "Succinct Genealogies," dealing with the various families that formed the ancestry of Henry, second Earl of Peterborough. The authorship of this work was for long a mystery. Even forty years after its diminutive edition of twenty-four copies was published, that most learned and painstaking antiquarian, Thomas Hearne, writes to a friend: "Robert Halstead's Book is a very great Curiosity. I do not remember anything distinctly about it; but I think I have seen it. I would fain have some short account of this Halstead, who and what he was, and whether he was a Man of Learning." No account of "this Halstead" was forthcoming because he never existed, and the real authors were the Earl of Peterborough himself and his domestic chaplain, Mr. Rans. They lived in a century when new men found it easy to get old pedigrees; when, for instance, the



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NORTH PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



Hapsburgh origin of the recently-created Earls of Denbigh was "discovered." But the non-existent Halstead makes great protestations of honesty. "I sell no Fables from my own Brain and less from the Phancies of others," cries he, and he will have no "Deduction of Genealogies by Corrupt and prostituted Art." Whether the performance is quite up to the standard of the promise is doubtful, but on the whole his

son-in-law was the famous Geoffrey de Mandeville who used his strong position of holding, among other castles, the Tower of London to pose during the first half of King Stephen's reign as a king-maker. Both Stephen and Maud made him Earl of Essex, and, as their quarrel grew fiercer and their need grew greater, granted increasing honours and emoluments not only to himself but also to his relations; and thus, Aubrey the



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THE EAST ELEVATION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

account of the devolution of Drayton may be accepted. Among William I.'s followers whose rewards in English acres are recorded in the Domesday Book is one Aubrey de Vere, and twenty years later another Aubrey de Vere, presumably his son, was made Great Chamberlain by Henry I. just before that monarch left England in 1133 to die in Normandy a few months later. Aubrey the Chamberlain's

Chamberlain having been killed in a London riot in 1141, his son, the third Aubrey, received from Maud in the following year an Earldom which it was soon afterwards decided should be that of Oxford. In 1143, however, Stephen felt strong enough to arrest Mandeville, and release him only on the surrender of his castles. He retired to the Fenland, where he held his own until a stray arrow put an end to all his hopes

and ambitions in 1144. What happened to his brother-in-law during the rest of King Stephen's reign does not appear; but in Henry II.'s time he becomes a great and wealthy man, having been confirmed in his Earldom of Oxford in 1156. That earldom continued in his senior male line for many centuries, but of the numerous manors of which he died seized Drayton went to his third son, Robert, as we are told by Halstead, who adds, with what surely must be a touch of "Phancy," that "this Manor and Lordship consisted at that time of a fair ancient Castle encompassed with four large high Walls Embattailed round with such Fortifications as were necessary both for resistance and offence." There were also demesnes, park, warren, woods, three whole villages and lands in two

retained by Sir Walter's uncle, Robert, settled only a few miles from Drayton, whose descendants in the female line we shall find returning to the old home.

Third in succession from Sir Walter was Sir John de Drayton, and if the view that the "crypt" dates from the reign of Edward I. is correct, we shall be driven to attribute building operations to him. But the crypt may well be somewhat later. It closely resembles that at Penshurst, which is part of Sir John Pulteney's house erected about 1341. Now, somewhat earlier in Edward III.'s reign than this, Sir Simon de Drayton, who had succeeded Sir John, obtained a licence to crenellate, and this is very strong evidence that he, like Pulteney, superseded an older dwelling by a home after the

best model of his age. The similarity between their two homes by no means stops at the crypt or undercroft of the solar. The whole disposition is identical, so far as we can piece together mediæval Drayton by an investigation of the substance of its frequently-altered fabric. The hall was completely remodelled in Queen Anne's reign, but above its ceiling is the mediæval oak roof. The six-foot thickness of its walls betrays the same origin, and the fact that it must have followed the strict rule of being lit from both sides. Though now there is no screen, the position of the doors tells us it was there, and that to the west of "the screens" were the doorways to pantry and buttery and the passage to the kitchen—probably a detached building, the shell of which was no doubt used for the present one of Queen Anne date. At the east end of the hall was a building at right angles to it and projecting beyond it to the north. This enabled its upper room or solar to be reached from a stairway rising up from the north-east corner of the hall. Compare this with the plan and description of the mediæval part of Penshurst given in COUNTRY LIFE on December 2nd last, and, apart from the points of the compass, it will be found that there is no difference whatever. In the accompanying plan the cross-hatched portions represent the large additions made at various later times, but the black portions give an idea of what Sir Simon's house was like. It surrounded the present court, and there were probably rooms within the line of its strong, embattled south wall. Round the whole ran a moat, to which we shall find reference made in 1497, and of which a small portion

remains near the kitchen. The rest was all filled in, partly to allow of the extension of the house and partly to accommodate the gardens laid out in Elizabeth's time. As the ground slopes very appreciably from north to south, the moat may have been on two levels connected by sluices. The decided inward angle of the western part of Sir Simon's outer south wall shows that he built up to the line of some natural formation or of an already existing moat.

His building operations and his mode of living in the enlarged house may have strained his resources, for not many years after his death Drayton had passed into the possession of the Greenes. They were a Northamptonshire family, originally seated at Buckton or Boughton, where there was "a



Copyright. WEST SIDE: THE THIRD LORD MORDAUNT'S NORTH WING. "C.L."

others. It would seem that so completely were his descendants identified with their home that they became known as the de Draytons. The change, according to Halstead, was made by Robert's grandson, Sir Walter, "who from the Excellency of the place, and his great love thereunto did assume the Name thereof, to remain to him and his Posterity ever after." We hear, too, that for arms he "took Argent, a Cross Engrailed Gules, as going on Crusade." It is true that coat armour was only then in its infancy, and various individuals made their own choice. But it is curious that a de Vere should both drop that honoured name and should fail to assume—as did all others of the Vere and Mandeville connection, the Sackvilles among them—some variant of the quarterly coat. Both were





COUNTRY LIFE.

THE SOUTH AND EAST ELEVATIONS FROM THE FISH-POND.

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SOUTH GARDEN-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

spacious and delightful Green upon which at the desire of the Lords was yearly held and exercised a Fair, with particular and extraordinary privileges. Hence they were called *Greene* or *of the Green*." From the name of the place they set three bucks upon their shield, and these were retained by the senior line of the family, whose mutilated tombs remain at Greens Norton. But the owner of Drayton

exchanged the bucks for the Drayton cross, as he was a nephew of Sir Simon through his mother. She had married the Sir Henry Greene who greatly advanced the fortunes of his family by a successful legal career ending with a Chief Justiceship before he died in 1370. By an arrangement which he made with his nephew, Sir Simon's son, his own second son, another Sir Henry Greene, had been put into possession of



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BALUSTRADE BUILT BY THE THIRD LORD MORDAUNT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Drayton. As he likewise married the heiress of the Mauduits, he was a young man of wealth. He went to Court, and became a favourite of Richard II., who further enriched him with confiscated manors, "and indeed," says Halstead, "had not the perverseness of this King's Planet (which obstinately prosper'd the Rebellion of his Enemies) overwhelm'd all his hopes, there was not any greatness unto which the deserts of this *Sir Henry* might not have well attained." As it was, he, and William Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, attempting to hold Bristol for Richard when Henry of Lancaster came to claim the crown in 1399, were captured and beheaded and their estates



Copyright. SAMSON SLAYING A PHILISTINE. "C.L."  
(After Bologna.)

were forfeited. Greene's offence, however, was evidently not held to be as great as Scrope's, for his son, Ralph, was restored by Act of Parliament a few months later, and served his county both in the shrievalty and in the House of Commons. To him succeeded a brother and then a nephew. The latter, Henry Greene, enlarged the house. Such always was the tradition, though there is little now of fifteenth century work that catches the eye. But Mr. Alfred Gotch has made a careful survey of the entire building as it stands, and finds at many points masonry of this time. Such are the two towers, to whose turrets classic cupolas were afterwards added. Such is the porch on the north side of the hall, and also the two other projections, in



Copyright. THE DIVIDING WALL. "C.L."  
(Between Parterre and Fish-pond Garden.)

which the oak and stone staircases were afterwards located and the spaces between the three projections filled in.



Copyright. A LEAD URN. "C.L."



Copyright.

THE OUTER COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Greene must have been at work about the same time that Archbishop Bouchier was building at Knole, he being one of the laymen whose timely acceptance of changes of Government and dynasty brought him safely through the Civil War. We hear that he "lived in estimation" at Drayton, and acted impartially as Sheriff both under Henry VI. and Edward IV. His manors "did at that time make up one of the most considerable Estates that was then in the possession of any Gentleman in the Kingdom of England," and none of them did he lose "through those accidents that were incident to the disastrous partialities of that uncertain Age." Thus the enlarged house and all the acres passed intact at his death in 1467 to the successful suitor of his only child, Constance, who "after having been sought in vain by the greatest men of that Age

became at last (from her Father's love to the illustrious House of *Buckingham*) the possession of the Lord John Stafford." He, unlike the heads of his own family, who one after another for four generations died a violent death, followed the prudent ways of his father-in-law, was reconciled to Edward IV., and by him was created Earl of Wiltshire. He was succeeded in the earldom and estates by his son, who, reviving the Lancastrian traditions of the family, assisted in placing Henry VII. on the throne, and fought on his behalf. Thus he was at Blackheath, where the Cornish rebels were defeated in 1497. As after his death two years later without issue there was a disputed succession, we get, from the evidence of various witnesses, interesting sidelights on the life at Drayton and the disposition of the house in his time. Before setting out for Blackheath he thought it



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THE LIME WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



proper to arrange his affairs and make provision for his wife, Margaret Grey, daughter of Lord Lisle, who evidently thought highly of herself and what was due to her. We find the Earl in the "Chapell chamber," a deed giving Drayton to his wife for life in his hand, and Robert Merbury, his squire, by his side. Then he "called his said Lady to him, delivering the Said Deed to her: Whereupon She then looked and kept it from her unto the floor, saying, that she would not say gramercy therefore excepte She should have Warmester," that is to say, the Manor of Warminster, which had come to the Greenes through the Mauduit heiress. Merbury picks up the spurned deed and hands it to the Earl, who breaks off the seal and then "did cast it oute of the window into the Moote there" — clear proof that a moat then existed. The next scene is in the "Great Chamber," where the Earl tells Merbury that he wished his cousin, the Earl of Shrewsbury, to have Drayton at his death. So full is he of this idea that on his return from Blackheath fight, "asoon as his Boots were drawn of," he repeated his wish to Merbury, and added that the "heirs of Veere should never inherit his lands." Now, Henry Greene, this Earl of Wiltshire's grandfather, had a sister, who married Vere of Addington near by, descended, as we have seen, from the uncle of the Sir Walter who had taken the name of de Drayton. Of this marriage there were granddaughters, and they are the heiresses whom the Earl told Merbury he wished to disinherit. He had come back ill from Blackheath, and never recovered. As he lay sick he often expressed his wish that his cousin, Shrewsbury, should succeed him, both to Merbury and to "William Pemberton, gentleman," who deposed that he was brought up "of a chydell" with the Earl, and was "in his servyse, as sume tyme his Kerver and sume tymes lay in bed with the seid Erle when it pleased him by the space of twenty yeres and more." There was, however, no documentary proof of this verbal desire, whereas the partisans of the Vere heiresses had taken pains to obtain a writing. The scene is now in a "high Chamber" at Drayton "in whyche Chamber the said Erle lay sick." The chief person present is Sir John Mordaunt, "Serjeant at the Law." But Merbury is also there, and Parson Cade, the household chaplain. In their presence, one Philip Foster engrosses a "Testament and last Wyll," delivers it into the hands of the Earl, and then and there it is sealed with the Stafford "square Signet, graved with a ramping Bere upon a Berwerdes Staffe." Sir John Mordaunt was at that time engaged in restoring his family fortunes by means of the law and of prudent marriages. He had obtained

the wardship of the Vere heiresses, and as he designed the eldest for his own son he took measures to secure for her an ample share of the Greene patrimony. His family had long been seated at Turvey in Bedfordshire, and there, and not at Drayton, were his descendants splendidly entombed, whereas at Lowick, which is the parish in which Drayton stands, we find admirable



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THE UNDERCROFT OF THE SOLAR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY UNDERCROFT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fifteenth century monuments of the second Earl of Wiltshire and of his "grandfather, Greene." John Mordaunt of Turvey was "a Youth of a particular Ingenuity," who was sent to a Free school by his father, and then "to learn the Knowledge of the Laws." He was also a soldier, fought with Warwick at Barnet, and fourteen years later, after his father's death

had made him Lord of Turvey, joined with his tenants in the march of Henry VII. which ended in the victory of Bosworth. He became a Privy Councillor and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and he was Speaker of the House of Commons in 1487. He acquired additional lands, and also married a Latimer heiress. After securing the wardship of the Vere co-heiresses, and seeing that a will was made in their favour, he turned his attention to his son John, and the "first Fruit of his Father's great Care towards him, was, the procuring of his Establishment in Marriage with Elizabeth Vere." The disputed succession was not settled till after the death of old Sir John and some years after Henry VIII. was King. Young Sir John was one of the gay young men whose company that monarch loved in the early days of his reign, and he therefore

opportunity to purchase of the King at an easy rate the Marriage of Elly FitzLewis a very rich and considerable Fortune." She became his son's wife, and thus his grandson, christened Lewis after his mother's family, eventually succeeded in 1572 to a very large fortune. Halstead describes him as "a Lover of Art and an Encourager of Learning and also a Builder, and added much to the Noble old Castle of Drayton, the beloved Seat of his Grandmother," the Vere heiress.

Later sash-windowing modified but did not destroy his work, and some of the removed mullions have of recent times been replaced. The south end of the west side of the court shows a bit of his work quite untouched, and the position of the transoms of the windows should be carefully noted before any further replacements are made. Not only the mullioning



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THE STATE BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

had little difficulty in getting an award which gave him Drayton and a considerable share of the Greene estates. He became a Privy Councillor, held various offices and was made Baron Mordaunt of Turvey in 1532. But although he at first was prepared to profit by the Dissolution of the Monasteries, yet he grew averse to the religious changes made by the King, retired "to his own House and Country," and was a good deal annoyed by "his Enemies of the prevailing Faction." By them, it is said, the King was urged to force upon him an "exchange" of Drayton as little favourable as that of Kaele and his other manors had been for Archbishop Cranmer. Henry's death prevented this, and Lord Mordaunt lived in peace through the reigns of Edward and Mary. He had improved the family fortunes, for in his time of favour with Henry he "had the

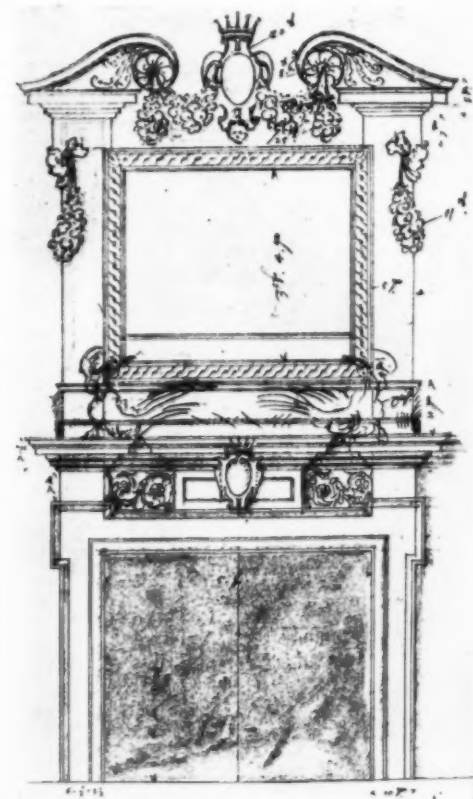
but the iron bars and the latticed glass are all at this particular spot untouched, and enable one to picture exactly what the whole of the east elevation was like until his great-grandson altered it. Here he assimilated the old work to his own age, and threw out additional buildings on each side. The north wing bears the date 1684, and under a portion of it he, with a touch of antiquarianism, built a columned and vaulted cellar similar in plan, though, of course, not in architectural detail, to Sir Simon's undercroft. His interior work was nearly all afterwards destroyed. We find wainscoting of his time carelessly pieced together—sometimes even upside down—lining closets and passages, but one room remains intact, and has a rich overmantel with arcaded panels. It is that through which the chapel gallery is reached. The oak staircase is also of his



time, and if its balusters be compared with those of the terrace between the two garden-houses it will be seen that though the oak is used in a thinner and more elongated manner than the stone, they are both in the same spirit, and resemble the balustrading put round his forecourt at Montacute by Sir Edward Phelps in Elizabeth's reign. There can be no doubt then that Lewis, third Lord Mordaunt, laid out the Drayton gardens, and that his successors merely added features and extent. His wife was a Darcy, and a sundial on which are graven the Mordaunt arms empaling Darcy survives.

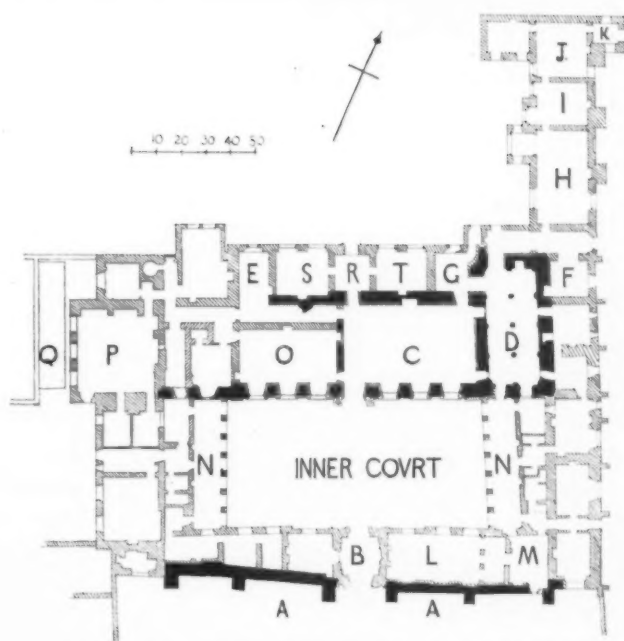
Rich as he was, his expenditure must have been greater than his income, for he sold the Fitz-Lewis and the Latimer estates. "Yet it cannot be denied, but what he spent was employ'd with honor," says Halstead, and adds: "He lived indeed in much magnificence and in a port that was a pattern for the Great Men of that time, so as his Hospitality is to this day famous." These must have been great days for Drayton, but they were succeeded by a period of shadow. The third Lord, while sympathising with the old religion, had nevertheless sat as one of the judges of Mary Queen of Scots at neighbouring Fotheringhay, and by such timely concessions to the policy of his Sovereign and a prudent friendship with several of her Ministers he avoided the fines and imprisonment inflicted on so many Catholics. With his son, however,

it was different. He was a friend, if not a confederate, of those Northamptonshire gentlemen, such as Catesby and Tresham, whose zeal for Rome urged them to treasonable practices. Yet in 1605, four years after he had succeeded his father, we find him entertaining James I. and his Consort at Drayton. The King and Queen were on progress, leaving Whitehall in July, staying at various great houses in Essex and Bedfordshire and reaching Drayton on August 3rd, "where they were enter-



WEBB'S DRAWING OF THE MANTEL-PIECE.

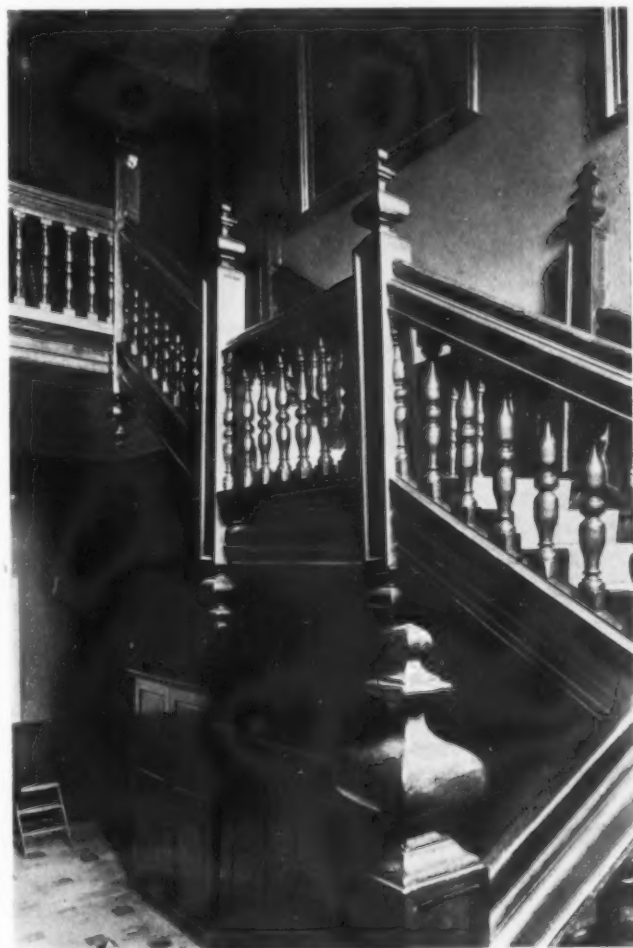
tained three days" and where we find the churchwardens expending 2s. 2d. "Layde out in breade and drinke for the ringgers." Thence the Court went to Apethorpe, eventually reaching Windsor *via* Oxford on the last day of the month. Ten weeks later their host at Drayton was arrested for his supposed complicity with the Gunpowder Plot. A letter from Sir Edward Hoby to the English Ambassador at Brussels tells us how "on Friday 15th of November the Lord Montacute, and Lord Mordaunt, and Tresham were sent to the Tower. It is thought the Lord Mordaunt will be found very Capital for that one Keye the Keeper of his house at Turvey, was one of the principal plotters of the treason." Keys, indeed, was of those who retired to Holbeach House, where he was wounded and taken prisoner, but no definite charge was brought against Mordaunt, who died in the Tower in 1608. His young son was removed from the custody of his Catholic relations and made a ward of Archbishop Abbot. He was "very Beautiful, Ingenious, Affable and Applicable to all that was good and useful," so that at Oxford he was called "the Star of the University." James I. saw him there, took a fancy to him, and took him away with him. He let him off the ten thousand pounds fine that had been imposed upon his father and "gave him so many particular marks of his Favour and Kindness: As to standers by Fortune and Occasion never seem'd to present themselves to any with more



PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR OF DRAYTON.

AA, Sir Simon de Drayton's outer wall. B, Lord Peterborough's galchouse. C, Sir Simon's hall, altered by Sir John Germain. D, Undercroft to Sir Simon's solar (now called the King's dining-room). E, The third Lord Mordaunt's oak stairs. F, Lord Peterborough's walnut stairs. G, Sir John Germain's stone stairs. H, Drawing-room. I, Blue drawing-room (formerly withdrawing-room to bedchamber). J, State bedroom. K, Closet with cut lacquer panels. L, Lady Betty's chapel. M, Lower ante-room; that above retains the third Lord Mordaunt's wainscoting. NN, Sir John Germain's colonnades. O, Lord George Germain's dining-room on site of ancient buttery and pantry. P, Sir John Germain's kitchen replacing the mediæval one. Q, Remnant of mediæval moat. R, Henry Green's north porch. S & T, Sitting-rooms added by third Lord Mordaunt.

fairness to be taken hold of." However, his humour was "averse to Constraint and indulgent to all his own Passions." The equally beautiful and more pliant Villiers was introduced



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OLD OAK STAIRCASE.

"C.L."

to the Royal notice and Mordaunt's chance of becoming a prime favourite was gone. But he was much at Court, and when Charles was created Prince of Wales in 1616 he was among the "fourteene right honorable and noble personages" who "graced the daye's magnificence with Running at the Ring." He married the heiress of Lord Howard of Effingham, whereby he gained the manor of Reigate, and Charles I. created him Earl of Peterborough. But when the quarrel with the Parliament began we find him on the popular side. This was through his wife's influence, being "invited by her, that had receiv'd some disgust at Court and was a Lady of a very haughty Spirit" to join the Parliament party. Things had not gone far, however, before he died, and his son, Henry, second Earl of Peterborough, joined the King at Oxford in 1643. He, as we have seen, was the real author of the "Succinct Genealogies," and he gives thirty-six pages to his own history up to the year of James II.'s accession, when the book was published. He barely refers to Drayton, but says much as to his expedition abroad when he was seeking out a second bride for James II., then Duke of York, and arranging for, and acting as Proxy in, the marriage with Mary of Modena. Both he and his brother, who afterwards became Lord Mordaunt of Reigate, suffered for their adhesion to the Royal cause. His estates were sequestered, so that he found the dower of his wife, a daughter of Barnabas O'Brien Earl of Thomond, "very useful to him" before he compounded in 1646. When Charles was a prisoner at Hampton Court and a final effort was made to save him he joined the rising which cost the Earl of Holland his life. They were probably great friends, as Drayton possesses a very fine full-length portrait of Holland by Mytens. In the fray Peterborough was severely wounded, but escaped abroad. He therefore had, in 1649, to pay a second composition, which must have severely crippled his fortune, and he says himself that he spent the time until the Restoration in the retirement of his own house and the payment of great debts. Yet it would appear that at this very time he was spending money on the improvement of Drayton. In the collection of drawings by Inigo Jones and John Webb, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, but now deposited at the Institute of British Architects, are two drawings of mantel-pieces signed by John Webb and dated 1653. The one is "For y<sup>e</sup> Bed chamber in y<sup>e</sup> ground Story of Drayton," and is the one still existing, though modified as to its lower half, in the sumptuously furnished State bedroom. Of this mantel-piece an illustration is given. There is also an illustration of the bedroom, which fully shows the magnificent needlework of the bed-hangings. They are wrought on fine canvas so that the vases out of which the flowers spring are in *petit point*. But various stitches, of a free embroidery nature, are used for the flowers themselves,

while the background is black in herring-bone stitch. The hangings are lined with rich yellow watered silk, and the tester, head and counterpane are of the same material with galon trimming. Twelve armchairs in walnut, but painted black, belong to this set, but eight of them are in the King's dining-room. The other of Webb's drawings was for "the with-drawing roome to the Bedchamber in the lower Story at Drayton." There is no mantel-piece in what is now called the blue drawing-room beyond the bold roll moulding in marble usual during the last part of the seventeenth century, so Webb's scheme can never have been carried out. His drawings, however, are much like the work he did for St. John at Thorpe in the same county before the Restoration. There can, therefore, be no doubt that he was at the same time busy with the suite of rooms at the end of the north wing of Drayton, where the door-cases show the mouldings and the broken architraves of which he was so fond. The same style can be traced in the little closet lying east of the State bedroom. The chief interest here lies in the filling in of the panels. In 1679 Evelyn speaks in his "Diary" of a room in a rich India Merchant's home filled with "contrivances of Japan skreens instead of wainscot. . . . The landscapes of the skreens represent the manner of living and the country of the Chinese." We also know from Celia Fiennes that a room in the Water Gallery at Hampton Court was fitted up in the same manner for Queen Mary's occupation pending the completion of the new State apartments. The little room at Drayton having the centre of each side occupied by door, window and two fitted recesses, there is not much room for "Skreens," but the ten panels that are there have admirable examples of cut lacquer, representing scenes of people in gardens outside houses. Boards about six inches wide and lacquered black form the substance, and, according to the width of the panel, four, three or one board has been used. The height is about three feet, and a border runs top and bottom, showing that this was the height of the "Skreens," but there is very seldom a border on the sides, so that the original intention was that each finished subject should be wide and low, and therefore quite different to the tall cut-lacquer screens in twelve folds, of which an excellent example may also be found at Drayton.

Although Webb's mantel-piece drawings are dated 1653, it is probable that the second Earl of Peterborough did not do much at Drayton till after the Restoration. Yet we shall find next week, when the post-Restoration history of Drayton will be given, that he probably did no more there after the fall of James II., and that his work should not, therefore, be included in the section dated by Mr. Gotch between 1690 and 1710.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## THE DERBY AND OAKS.

**I** DOUBT if on any previous occasion the race for the Derby has been run in the presence of such a vast crowd as that assembled on Epsom Downs last week. Be that as it may, everyone of those who witnessed the race will be able to say that they saw things which had never been seen before. They saw the race won for the first time by a grey filly—there is, by the way, only one other grey winner of the Derby, Gustavus by name, a colt by Election, winner of the race in 1821—they saw, too, the Derby won for the first time by a winner of the One Thousand Guineas; and I think I am correct in saying that Johnny Reiff, who rode Tagalie, is the only jockey who can boast of having had but two rides in the Derby and having won it on both occasions. I think, too—I am not sure about St. Amant—that Tagalie is the only winner of the Derby of whom it can be said that she was in front from start to finish. Now for a word or two about Tagalie herself. Her owner and breeder, Mr. W. Raphael, brought her dam, Tagale, over from France in foal to Flying Fox, the produce being Blankney II., winner of the Gimcrack Stakes. She was barren to Zinfandel in 1907, had a filly by Ian in 1908 and in 1909 had Tagalie by Cyllene. It is through her dam that Tagalie inherits her colour. Tagale is by Le Sancy (4)—grey—by Atlantic (3)—chestnut—out of Gem of Gems—grey—by Strathconan 11—grey—by Newminster 8 out of Souvenir—grey—by Chanticleer—grey—and it is at once curious and interesting to note that, like Gustavus, the only other grey winner of the Derby, Tagalie traces back to Virago—grey—by Snap—brown—out of a mare—grey—by Regulus—bay—out of a mare—grey—by Crab—grey. I may perhaps add that those who scoff at Bruce Lowe and his theories point with glee to the fact that Tagalie is a member of the outside family, No. 20, and got by a horse, Cyllene, belonging to family No. 9. But, to my way of thinking, their arguments do no more than betray the very superficial extent of their studies.

To begin with, Bruce Lowe never for a moment denied or even decried the value of the outside families; secondly, he drew pointed attention to the merits of the two families in question. Concerning No. 20—Tagalie's family—he wrote, a long time ago: "The line is an *effeminate*, but *improving* one and more largely represented than families 13, 16, 17, 18 and 19. That was in 1890, in the last volume of the Stud Book. From this family have come Lady Augusta and Repulse, winners of the One Thousand Guineas; Ghuznee and Jenny Howlett, winners of the Oaks; and the St. Leger winners Otterington and Blue Bonnet." To these we must now add the names of Mirska, a winner of the Oaks, and, of course, Tagalie, with a One Thousand Guineas and the Derby to her credit. The origin of family 20 is, by the way, a mare got by Sir T. Gascoigne's Foreign Horse, and this mare was the dam of the grey mare Favourite, foaled in 1728. Now to see what Bruce Lowe said about family 9—Cyllene's family. After pointing out the vitality of this family, as shown by the retention of its original characteristics, and drawing attention to the excellent racing merits of many of its members, among them thirteen classic winners, he went on to say: "Despite this, it would be difficult to point to one high-class sire in its ranks"—Cyllene had not then appeared—adding, "This is the more remarkable because the proportion of its St. Leger winners, over those of the Derby and Oaks, shows how really stout its sons have been." It is surely evident that Bruce Lowe was surprised that there should have been no good stallions in the family and that he *expected* there would have been one. As a matter of fact, until the coming of Cyllene, the only horses belonging to the family—No. 9—who had sired a classic winner were Mercury (1778), Volunteer (1780), St. George (1789) and Dick Andrews (1797). I may add that it was on this account that I myself looked doubtfully upon the chances of Cyllene's success as a sire. It is needless to add that these same





THE DERBY: THE GREY FILLY GETS AWAY.



TAGALIE'S FINISH.

doubts have long since been dissipated, and apart from the many other winners who own him as sire, four winners of the Derby in eight years now stand to his credit—Cicero, Minoru, Lemberg and Tagalie. Much more could be said on this subject, but I must get on to deal with matters of more immediate interest, among them the race for the Oaks. Shortly before the race, all sorts of rumours detrimental to Tagalie were current; it was even said that she would not run, and some of the "fielders" offered 10 to 1 against her in any event. But Mr. Raphael himself had no knowledge of there being anything wrong with the mare, and when seen in the Paddock the mare appeared to be wonderfully fresh and well. The betting, it may be added, very quickly veered round until, instead of offering 10 to 1, the bookmakers asked for 2 to 1. Had they but known it, they might have laid any odds against the Derby winner, for when it came to racing, she collapsed a long way from the finish, and it was evident that, easily though she had seemed to win the Derby, she had given herself so freely to her task that she had not recovered from the effort, and that for the time being the machinery had run down. Poor Tagalie disposed of, Mirska (33 to 1) was left at the head of affairs, a position she retained until she had passed the judge three lengths ahead of Equitable (33 to 1), three-parts of a length behind whom Bill and Coe (10 to 1) finished third. Mirska (20) is the property of Mr. G. Prat, a well-known French owner of race-horses, and was ridden by the French jockey Childs; but she was trained by Jennings at Newmarket, and is a clean-bred English filly, being by St. Frusquin 22 (by St. Simon) out of Musa (herself a winner of the Oaks), by Martagon out of Palmflower, by The Palmer (5) out of Jenny Diver. It is interesting in this connection to note that, like Tagalie, Mirska belongs to family No. 20 and, moreover, through Jenny Diver, to the very same branch of that family. Jenny Diver, it will be noticed, is the great-great-grandam of Tagalie, and the great-grandam of



W. A. Rouch.

TAGALIE.

Copyright.

Mirska. I do not know that much more need be said about the two great classic races decided at Epsom last week, unless it be to remark that the more closely it is examined the worse does the form in either race appear to be. Whether Tagalie or Mirska can claim to be ranked as really great fillies remains to be seen. I am myself very doubtful if either of them can do so. Both of them won their races with ease, it is true; but what was there behind them? Jaeger, the runner-up for the Derby, is certainly a good-looking colt; but I do not think he really stays much more than a mile. Tracery, whom he beat by two lengths, may be a good colt—it was his first appearance in public, and I do not think that he was at his best—but he has yet to prove it. Catmint will probably improve a good deal. Pintadeau, much as one would like to think otherwise, is not by any means a first-class colt; neither is Jangling Geordie. It does not matter much whether White Star is really good or bad, because his public running this year stamps him as a very moderate animal. Javelin, a useful colt last year, has not, I think, forgotten the hiding he got at Derby, and as for the others, I think a good plater would beat them with ease. Turning now to the Oaks, and admitting the possibility that Mirska may be a good filly, what are we to say about Equitable, second in the race? Two days previously, at about weight-for-age, she had run a dead-heat with Atty in the Norbury Plate—a mile and a-half—an animal that ran six times without winning last year, and about the middle of May (carrying 7st. 4lb.) she finished eight lengths behind Preferment (8st. 3lb.) in a three year old handicap at Newmarket (Preferment was unplaced in the Oaks). By way of further

comment, it may be added that a week or two ago Equitable was reported to have finished some distance ahead of Tracery (third in the Derby) in a trial. To my way of thinking, the three year old form is just as confused as ever, and the best of it is bad.

Now, what about the Epsom two year olds? To begin at the beginning, Mr. J. B. Joel showed us a very nice racing-like youngster on Tuesday in the shape of Helium, a filly by Sundridge (2) out of Hello, by Teufel 7 out of Prepare (4). Black Wings, beaten two lengths, by Santry out of Jewelled Wings (1), by Ladas (1), is a useful filly, and I think there is every likelihood that of the unplaced runners the colt by Vitez 8 out of Mintleaf (1), by Esterling (4), will do well. Mr. E. Hulton's colt, Shogun, winner of the Woodcote Stakes, is, as I have explained in previous notes, not qualified for admission to the Stud Book, being by Santoi out of Kendal Belle, a mare whose pedigree cannot be clearly traced; but the inferences that he is thorough-bred are far stronger than those which in some extraordinary fashion are deemed sufficient to secure the admission of doubtfully-bred American animals. He is, at all events, a very promising young race-horse. I think, too, that we should bear in mind the fine turn of speed shown by Lord Rosebery's filly, Prue, who ran second, and of the other runners I noted Augur, a colt by Spearmint (1) out of Auspicious 9, by Gallinule 19; he was very backward, but looks as though he might make up into a race-horse one of these days. In the same

ownership—that of Major Loder—is Chickweed, a good stamp of filly, by Spearmint (1) out of SpringChicken (4), by Gallinule 19; receiving 10lb. she beat Bonnie Bird by a head in the Royal Stakes on Thursday, and was perhaps lucky in so doing, but she stuck well to her work, and is fairly certain to pay her way in future. Then on Friday, Mr. Hulton's Eastern Rose, by Soliman 9 out of Rose of Ayrshire (1), by Ayrshire 8 out of Pink Flower, by Melton 8, confirmed her previously-earned reputation by the style in which

she won the Acorn Stakes, beating the filly by Sundridge out of Glass Doll (4), by Isinglass 3, and ten others.

Assuming Prince Palatine to have been fit and well—some critics thought him short of a few gallops—Stedfast well deserved his victory in the Coronation Cup, but it may be as well to remember that Prince Palatine lost a good deal of ground in the earlier stages of the race, and was only beaten by three-quarters of a length. The best handicap performance in the course of the Epsom Week was, I think, that of Spanish Prince (9st. 8lb.) in the Epsom Plate, for it was a treat to watch the resolute style in which Mr. J. B. Joel's good-looking colt laid himself down to his work, gradually reducing the lead established by Atmah (7st. 11lb.), and finally beating her by three-parts of a length.

As regards events in the immediate future, it may be worth while noting Waveberg in the Manor Plate and Kleinfontein in the Homebred T.Y.O. Plate at Gatwick this (Friday) afternoon. To-morrow at the same place Cap and Gown may win the Homebred Three Year Old Handicap, and Black Sandal or Mountain Fairy the Crabbet Plate. With such a race as the Royal Hunt Cup to be run for at Ascot next Wednesday I cannot well deal at the time of writing, beyond suggesting Brancepeth (7st. 9lb.), My Collar (7st. 10lb.), Braxted (7st. 9lb.), Alope (7st. 5lb.), Wise Symon (6st. 12lb.) Cyllius (6st. 9lb.) as being a lot among which the winner might be found. Stedfast and Prince Palatine can fight their battle over again in the race for the Gold Cup. I make no doubt that the better of the two will be the winner of the race, and my inclination is in favour of the former. TRENTON.



## ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

### THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP STORY.

THE splendid course of Westward Ho!, oldest of all on which golf ever was played in England of those of the true seaside character, has come through the ordeal of its first championship with the greatest glory. It was common to hear those who had not seen it before speaking of it with such rare phrases as "a revelation in golf," "something we have never seen before," and the like. For many a year I, personally, preached sermons to this effect concerning it, which were disregarded, owing to a suspicion of a partiality that distorted judgment; but now all this, or nearly all, is conceded to it. Some few there were who, with a pious reverence which is to be admired, maintained that possibly St. Andrews, at its best, before the wearing away of the whins, was as good, and so much, perhaps, we may admit without detracting from Westward Ho!'s present perfection.

### THE PLAY.

The play, no doubt, is the thing, and there were many matches so good that it is hard to know wherewith to begin their notice. Mr. Harris, badly beaten by Mr. Crabb Watt, gave the first instance of those vivid surprises with which this tournament is always rife. There is one man who never seems to surprise us thus—Mr. Hilton. If the disrespectful phrase be permitted, he is the most effective bolter of "the rabbits" ever seen. Other winners of this championship, say Mr. Laidlay, Mr. Maxwell, even Mr. John Ball himself, at their best, have always proved liable to defeat at the hands of men whom they knew they ought to beat. Mr. Hilton alone does not seem to appreciate the meaning of the words "difficulty of playing up against a man to whom you know you can give points." He can keep on with his machine-like and powerful game, never needing the stimulus which those who are essentially match players require in the shape of an opponent capable of "making them gallop." No doubt this faculty is part of the reason of his unequalled ability—among amateurs—at the scoring game.

The only one whom Mr. Hilton found troublesome in the first contests was Mr. Dick, who was two up on him at the fifth hole, dropped strokes and holes at each of the two following, had the ninth hole thrown to him, but refused to take it, and after that was sheerly worn down by Mr. Hilton's forceful accuracy. A tendency to slice with the iron at the sixth and two following holes cost Captain Hutchinson his life at the hands of Mr. Macfarlane. He so far recovered as to halve the round, and was distinctly unlucky to lose the nineteenth hole; but if those slices had not appeared, the match would have been his before that all too crucial point came. Mr. Edward Blackwell barely escaped with his life from Mr. Todd, and it was only at the twentieth hole that he assured it. Another good man who went wrong on that Tuesday was Mr. Martin Smith, whom Mr. Prentice knocked out. Mr. Smith had only lived through the previous heat by going to the nineteenth hole, and never really found his game. The two biggest hitters in the field, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Abe Mitchell, came together on this day, and Mr. Stevens rather regularly out-drove Mr. Mitchell. Neither putted very well, and Mr. Mitchell won a hard match at the last hole.

To follow two stages further Mr. Mitchell's fortunes, it may be said that he disposed of Captain Boyd and of Mr. Jenkins in successive matches, and so made his way into the last eight, to meet Mr. Gordon Simpson, who had only arrived there by putting out two very good men in Mr. Munn and Mr. Ellis. Mr. Munn had been thought likely enough, if Mr. Harris and Mr. Hilton were out of the way, to go through the whole thing and win outright, yet with two days' play still to do not one of the three was a survivor. Mr. Michael Scott had beaten Mr. Lockhart and Mr. Croome, to meet Mr. Macfarlane, who had laid out Mr. Crick and Mr. Colt. The great tragedy of this day, however, was the demise of Mr. Hilton, fairly rattled out of existence by Mr. Angus Hambro to the tune of 5 up and 4 to play. Mr. Hambro drove hugely, made very few errors and played all the game very soundly. Mr. Darwin had just won a nineteenth-hole victory in the morning from Mr. Copland, and fell at the nineteenth in the afternoon to Mr. H. E. Taylor and a half stymie. In the morning Mr. Taylor had put out Mr. Aylmer, the runner-up at Hoylake a year or two back.

It was about this period that it began to be mentioned that there was such a man in the field as Mr. John Ball. He was said to be out of form. But he struggled through two early rounds, had the luck to break his putter, and, when he went out to play Mr. Blackwell on the Wednesday morning, developed a horrid capacity for holing-out with a new putter. He beat Mr. Blackwell easily, and so, too, Mr. Nicholls, a left-handed

soldier-golfer who had played very well indeed in some early heats. At the bottom of the list came in the name of Mr. Bond, defeating Mr. Prentice, a South African golfer, only at the last hole, where it is said that Mr. Prentice was badly put off his tee shot by an undisciplined dog.

This brings the story to the semi-final day, and in the morning Mr. Michael Scott, not quite hitting his crucial shots, and also bothered by two stymies, lost by two holes to Mr. Macfarlane. Mr. Mitchell, coming right on his game, romped away from Mr. Gordon Simpson, who played like a very tired man. Mr. Hambro, with rather the better of the match most of the way, beat Mr. Taylor pretty easily; but the sensation of the day, and really of the whole tournament, was provided by Mr. Ball and Mr. Bond. The former played indifferently till Mr. Bond was 5 up and 8 to play, and it looked as if all was over. Then Mr. Bond was in a rush at the next hole, and feeling the strain, no doubt, as was very natural in an untried player who had done so extraordinarily well, failed to do more than two of the remaining holes in the right figure. Those two he halved, and for the rest Mr. Ball dropped a shot at the thirteenth, which was halved in six, but all the others he played perfectly, and finally won with a five at the nineteenth hole. It may be said that in all this there was nothing heroic; but is there not something perhaps almost heroic in the capacity for going on doing holes in the right number when there is this balance of five big holes against you, and is it not just this that Mr. Ball can do while others cannot, and do we not here see a striking illustration of the faculty which has given Mr. Ball so many of these match-play tournaments? I think we have to answer "Yes" to all this chain of questions.

It is a point about this tournament that in proportion as the matches become more interesting their story is shorter to tell, because their number is constantly diminishing, and on the final day there is but one—a two-round business—and to Mr. Ball and Mr. Mitchell it fell to fight it out. Mr. Mitchell took the lead at the second hole. He drove and approached brilliantly throughout the first eighteen holes. Mr. Ball was always behind him. Mr. Ball also lost every one of the four short holes, at two of which he was bunkered near the green, and treated the situation rather as if he had never seen such a thing as a bunker before—which is not the case. He also lost the tenth hole by a stymie. On a review of the first eighteen holes it is a wonder why he was not more than three down on them; but it was with just this uncomfortable incubus upon him that he came in to luncheon. The gods had hitherto given Westward Ho! golden sunshine practically all through this week in which cricket was greatly interfered with by rain in most parts of England, but in the afternoon of this final day it rained heavily and hard on the finest match ever played. Mr. Ball squared the match at the fifth hole, and then it was give-and-take all the way, Mr. Ball being one up for the first time at the fourteenth hole. Mr. Mitchell, nevertheless, had a putt of four feet for the match at the thirty-sixth hole, but missed it, and after a half at the thirty-seventh in five he topped his drive to the thirty-eighth—the first time such a hole has been played in the history of this championship—and so that wonderful old warrior, Mr. Ball, won his eighth championship (no less).

The final word may well be one of sympathy for Mr. Herreshoff, who did a fine sporting thing in coming all the way from the States to take part in this championship, and had the misfortune never to find his real game all the while he was over here and to be put out of the running in the very first round.

### MUIRFIELD AND THE HONOURABLE COMPANY.—I.

ON three days in next week, and two days in the week after, the open championship will be played for the fifth time in its history upon the links of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers at Muirfield. To write of Muirfield and the Honourable Company is to mingle the new and the old. It is now twenty years since Mr. Hilton won the first championship played at Muirfield; but there is still some suspicion of undue youthfulness attaching to the course. Perhaps because the course really was rather too new when the championship was first moved there, and because, moreover, there were many regrets for the glory which thereupon departed from Musselburgh, Muirfield has never quite got over that suspicion, once just, but now unjust. On the other hand, the Honourable Company has a very long and illustrious history, much of which is to be found in Mr. Kerr's admirable "Golf

Book of the East Lothian," to which I am much indebted.

It was neither at Muirfield nor at Musselburgh that the members originally played, but on the links of Leith. The first regular minutes belong to the year 1744, and from that time onwards is to be found a regular society carried on with all due formality and decorum, as may be seen from the solemn certificate of admittance of Mr. Alexander Strachan of Tarrie, which we reproduce, together with the other photographs, by the very kind permission of the committee of the Honourable Company. Each member had such a certificate, the motto in most cases being "Far and sure," and not the more chaste and classical "Vi et arte" of Mr. Strachan.

All sorts and conditions of men played golf over Leith Links and dined at the taverns of Straiton and Luckie Clephan. We have a pleasant picture of them drawn by no less an historian than Smollett, who had pointed out to him "one particular set of golfers, the youngest of whom was turned four score. They were all gentlemen of independent fortune who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century, without having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust, and they never went to bed without having the best part of a gallon of a claret in his belly."



CERTIFICATE OF ADMISSION TO MEMBERSHIP.

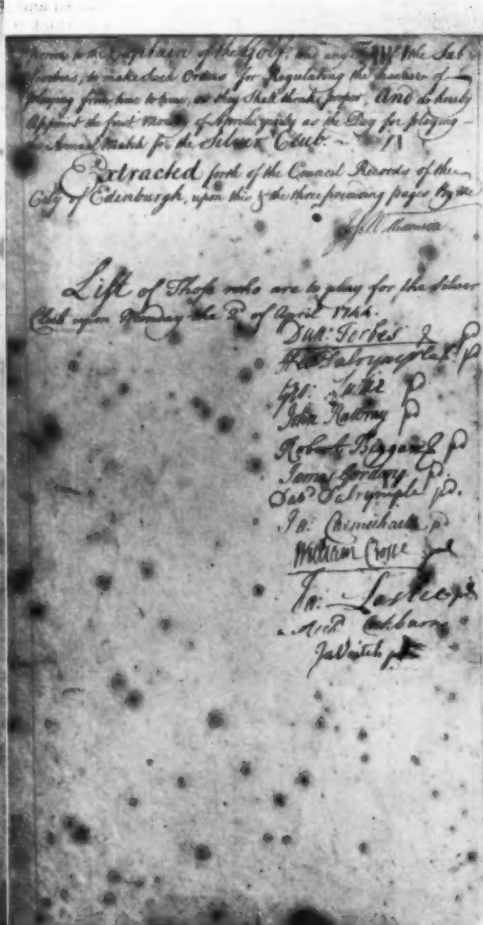
first championship. Twenty years afterwards there were too many golfers on Leith Links, or golfers became less democratic, for the Captain of the Golf admitted only such noblemen or gentlemen as he approved to be members of the society, and only members of the society could compete.

It was stated in the original document that the victor was to be called the Captain of the Golf, and was thereupon to append a gold or silver piece (as he pleased) to the club. This pleasant custom still continues. One club was covered with silver balls by 1811, and the town gave another. This in turn was covered, and the one to which this year Mr. Robert Maxwell as captain solemnly appends a silver ball began its career in

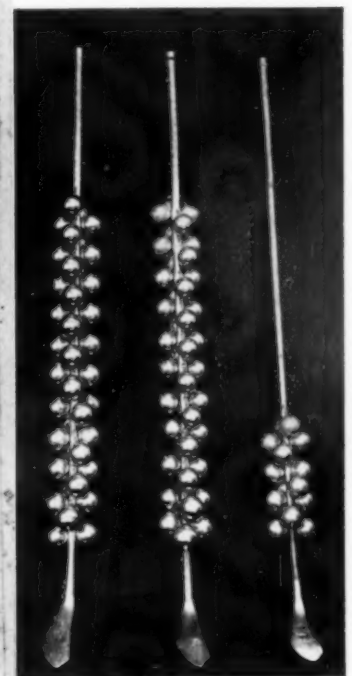
1879. It will be seen that the fashion of the ball changes, the old smooth "featheries" giving way to the "nicks" and "pimples" of more modern balls. I do not know if any captain was ever "pleased" to append a gold ball. It appears that with native prudence they have



ACT OF COUNCIL  
As to the play for the Silver Club.



LIST OF PLAYERS  
For the Silver Club on April 2nd, 1744.



SILVER CLUBS  
With balls attached by the Captains of the Honourable Company.



all been content with silver ones. After the silver clubs we come to three delightful portraits, though by them hangs rather a sad tale. In 1831 the club ceased to play at Leith, and in 1835 it began to play at Musselburgh. Between those years it was in a defunct, or at any rate dormant, condition, and a dreadful thing happened in that the pictures were dispersed. Raeburn's portrait of James Balfour was bought by a caddie, so it is said, for thirty shillings, and sold by him at the modest profit of some ten shillings and two bottles of whisky. The portrait of William St. Clair of Roslin, painted by Sir George Chalmers in 1771, went likewise. It now belongs to the Royal Company of Archers, but a replica has been painted and hangs in the hall at Muirfield. This William St. Clair was Captain of the Company and First Master Mason of Scotland. In this last capacity, and being in 1768 "now in his grand climax of golfing," he laid the foundation of the club-house on Leith Links with three strokes of the mallet. For one who ever reached a grand climax of golfing, his style is certainly a peculiar one. Many of the old pictures show that the "right foot back" was the ancient rule of orthodox play, and we never remember to have seen anyone hit so pronouncedly to square-leg as Mr. St. Clair. The print of Henry Callender, a Blackheath player, is delightful, and better still is the portrait—the one portrait that has been saved—of John Taylor, who was Captain



JOHN TAYLOR.

*Captain of the Honourable Company, 1807-8, 1814-15, 1823-25.*

done to it. Those who play much golf there are fond of it, but in the general world it is the fashion to speak rather disparagingly of it. Why, I can never quite discover, unless the reason lies in that grey stone wall that surrounds the course. As one stands in front of the club-house, one sees the whole course lying before one neatly walled in, and looking worthy of that which was its ancient name, "the hundred-acre field." Yet there is a jolly view of the sea and rather a fascinating wood, with its trees all bent and twisted by the wind, and, which is more to the point, some uncommonly difficult golf to be played.



HENRY CALLENDER.

of the Company 1807—1808, 1814—1815 and 1823—1825. This portrait is attributed to Sir John Watson Gordon, though there are some who believe the kneeling figure of the caddie to be by Raeburn. What may be the exact evidence on this point I do not know.

So much—for the moment—for the ancient glories of the Honourable Company; and now for something of their links today. In the first place, I personally think that Muirfield has never quite had justice

I will not describe the course at length, but may just add a word or two as to the recent changes. Some of them are real changes, while others only consist in a rearrangement of the order of playing. For the first five holes the course proceeds as of old. Then, instead of turning to the right—I suppose a Scotsman would say to the south—over the big bunker to the old sixth, we keep along the wall due east to the old ninth. Thus the old tenth and eleventh become the new seventh and eighth. The ninth is a hole of the "dog-leg" order, played from the north of the old eleventh green to the old "pond," or seventh green. The new tenth is the old eighth, and thus we come back to the old sixth and duly play it, though it is much longer than it used to be and is now called the eleventh. From this point onwards the round is the same; we have still to steer the ball to those horribly narrow holes, the thirteenth and fifteenth, and must still end with a manful carrying shot over the deep, trench-like bunker at the home hole. B. D.

COMPULSORY INSURANCE OF GOLF CADDIES. THE National Health Insurance Commission have recently circularised the golf clubs of the country in order to remind committees and secretaries that golf caddies of the age of sixteen and upwards, if engaged or paid through

the club, must be insured in accordance with the provisions of the National Insurance Act, even though they are only casually employed. As regards such caddies the club to which they are attached is to be deemed the employer, and, therefore, the unpleasant duty of stamp-licking will devolve upon some official of the club, in most cases probably the caddie-master, as from July 15th next, unless, indeed, the Government at the eleventh hour postpones the operation of the Act. We do not envy committeemen, secretaries and caddie-masters the task that lies before them of endeavouring to apply the provisions of an ill-drafted and complicated measure to the circumstances of caddie employment, and we think it highly probable that before long some very interesting questions will be raised for the consideration of the Insurance Commissioners, and ultimately of the Law Courts, as to the exact liability of a golf club in this connection. When, for instance, is a caddie "engaged or paid through the club"? and when does a contract of service exist between the caddie and the club? Is a caddie-master an agent of the club when he pays the caddie what he has earned, or is he, so far as the caddies are concerned, an independent contractor, or a contractor at all? Again, how is the caddie's rate of remuneration per working day to be fixed, in order to ascertain the amount of contribution required from the club and the caddie respectively? These are only a few of the problems that await solution, and we imagine that, in many cases, clubs will seek to escape from responsibility altogether by, where possible, declining to have anything to do with the engagement or payment of caddies over sixteen years of age. They will merely licence, as it were, approved persons to ply for hire at the entrance to the links, and will leave everything else entirely to the caddie-master or to the individual golfer; or, better still, perhaps, make a contract with the caddie-master for the supply of a service of efficient caddies, and throw upon him the responsibility for the engagement, payment and conduct of caddies.



WILLIAM ST. SINCLAIR OF ROSLIN.

*Captain of the Honourable Company, 1761, 1766, 1770, 1771.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE COTTAGE PROBLEM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With regard to Mr. F. E. Green's interesting and informative article on "The Cottage Problem," I should like to say that, in parts of Gloucestershire, wages are as low as twelve shillings a week (and no cottage or extras). The remedy, it seems to me, is either an agricultural labourer's minimum wage, fixed by a district board, as miners' wages in the same county are, or that the State should assist the agricultural labourer by a subsidy towards the cottage rents. In this district cottages are badly wanted, but obviously out of such wages

population who can afford to pay a rent which will make it worth while to build houses, then the houses will be built. Mr. Green, therefore, advocates a minimum wage for all labourers on the land. It is quite time the "backbone" of the country should join the fashion and claim a reasonable living wage. The example so well set by the doctors and followed by the miners and dockers should also be imitated by the agricultural labourers. As Mr. Green points out, one pound per week is frequently paid by farmers in districts not half so fertile as those in Norfolk, Suffolk and Berkshire, where the labourers are paid the miserable pittance of twelve shillings per week. A minimum wage movement, therefore, would be one of the best things possible for the country-side, and I hope that your readers will do their best to help.—J. R. WILLIAMS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—With reference to Mr. F. E. Green's thoughtful article on the "Cottage Problem" in the Summer Number, it seems to me that if the farmers round about my district (Keston) can afford to pay eighteen shillings a week wages, the farmers on the much more fertile soil of Norfolk and Suffolk can and ought to pay as much, if not more. This, in my opinion, would do a great deal towards arresting the decay of village life in those counties.—A. J. THOROGOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—With reference to Mr. F. E. Green's interesting article on the "Cottage Problem," it appears to me almost hopeless to deal with the question at present until we alter the personnel of the rural district councils. As a Poor Law Guardian I know only too well the deplorable housing conditions of the people in the rural districts—ten or twelve in a cottage of four or five rooms—and we frequently have to refuse relief because of unsatisfactory conditions brought about by overcrowding. We must not expect members of rural district councils, many of whom are themselves cottage owners or interested in building or land speculations, to be greatly concerned about the cottage problem. Any sympathetic measure which aims at providing cheap cottage accommodation will be directly opposed to their personal interests, and the administration of such Act—and so much depends on this—will be such as to make the measure of no real benefit at all. It seems to me the only way out of the difficulty is for the State to enforce the payment of a minimum wage to the agricultural labourer. This wage must be sufficient to enable him not only to provide suitable cottage accommodation for himself and family, but also to provide proper food and clothing. Surely it is to the interest of the nation that our rural population should be well housed, clothed and fed, and this is impossible with the low and irregular wage of the agricultural labourer.—J. MADDEN.

## COLONEL MOORE'S MARSH-HARRIER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In an article on the exhibition of the Zoological Photographic Club, a reference was made to the late Colonel Moore. I have always considered his picture of a marsh-harrier the best of its kind ever taken, and I suggest that you reprint it.—ANON.  
[We have much pleasure in complying with our correspondent's suggestion by reproducing the photograph as it originally appeared in COUNTRY LIFE. Further reference to this letter will be found in "Country Notes."—ED.]

## THE CONDITION OF LORD'S CRICKET GROUND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As an old member of "Lord's," as one who is fond of watching cricket and shares this interest with a very large number of people, and as one who has had more than the ordinary experience of the drainage of different kinds of soils under turf in the form of golf greens, may I ask leave to say a word about the



Photograph by

THE MARSH-HARRIER.

The late Colonel Moore.

no rent yielding any average return to the speculative builder can be paid, and so cottages remain as they are, scarce and insanitary.—G. E. HORWOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Among the many interesting features of your excellent Summer Number, by far the most important, from the point of view of those of us who wish to see the tide of rural exodus stayed and a return of prosperity to the country-side, is Mr. F. E. Green's article on the Rural Housing Question. The supply of proper housing accommodation is hopelessly inadequate in almost every country district, and until this is remedied it is useless to attempt to persuade the labourer to remain on the land or to entice the urban dwellers to leave the towns. It is, of course, purely a question of pounds, shillings and pence. Given a rural



condition of the wicket at the headquarters of the game? On the first day of the first Test Match this year play could not be commenced till three o'clock, and *The Times*, commenting on the delay, has the remark: "Waiting for cricket to begin is an occupation that conduces to impatience, but it must be said the accusations against the Lord's ground on the score of 'slow drying' are not entirely without foundation. Play is often in progress at the Oval when, in the same weather, it is impossible at Lord's. Surely there must be some way of remedying the present state of affairs. The M.C.C. are a rich club, and experts could, no doubt, tell what is required." These are sound words. Experts could, no doubt, tell what is required. Almost certainly, however, it does not require an "expert," whoever he be, to tell. Almost certainly the reason why the Lord's wicket gets so waterlogged is because the soil at a very little depth below the surface has become so tightly packed that it is impossible for the surface water to percolate. It has to waste entirely by evaporation. Almost certainly what is needed is that the turf be lifted, the subsoil loosened with picks and the turf replaced. A year or two ago I ventured to bring this suggestion to the attention of the authorities at Lord's, but was met with the reply that the Lord's wicket was perfect, for the purposes required of it, and that on no other ground was so much play possible in a year of ordinary weather. Obviously that is an answer which, if correct, would bar all criticism; but is not the "if" a very big one?—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

## FROGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose some rather interesting studies of frogs which I am hoping you can use in *COUNTRY LIFE*. They were taken by A. Vere Opslow. Two species of frog are represented in the photographs. The one in the act of devouring a large earthworm and the two on the right-hand side are the common English frog, *Rana temporaria*, while the larger specimen on the left is the edible frog, *Rana esculenta*, so common on the Continent, but restricted to a few localities in England, where it has probably been introduced. The photographs show well one of the distinctive features of the two species, which resides in the position of the eyes; these, it will be noticed, are more perfectly lateral in the common frog, while they have a more upward direction and are nearer together in the edible frog, as behoves a more aquatic creature, spending much of its time immersed in water with the nose and eyes projecting above the surface.—G.

## A CUPID AND PSYCHE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a small group in marble, in the garden, of Cupid and Psyche, not unlike the beautiful figures standing in the centre of one of the rooms at Hertford House, but much rougher, and inscribed "Mattheyssens Fec. 1734." Some initials, possibly one is W, are illegible. Could you or any of your readers possibly tell me anything about the sculptor?—A CONSTANT READER.

## SAVED FROM THE REAPER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Here is a photograph of a pair of leverets that I rescued from the teeth of the mowing-machine before it passed over the hayfield. They are rather difficult to discover, as their fur tones in with grass beginning to turn brown. As I have a fruit plantation adjoining the hayfield, in which I had seventy young apple trees destroyed by hares one winter night, I was sorely tempted to end their existence; but, after all, I let the mother hare visit them by night and take them away to a place of safety.—F. E. GREEN.

## THE VENETIAN ROOM AT KNOLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should like to congratulate you and the writer of the articles on Knole House on a most interesting account of this notable example of our domestic architecture. The particular point to which I propose to refer is the excellent notes on the Venetian Room at Knole—the suggestion that the woodwork came from Copp'd Hall is one of great value and plausibility. I do not, however, quite follow the writer's statement that in 1624 Inigo Jones had hardly reached this point in classical design. The date given is that of the Castle Ashby Gallery, while the Banqueting House in Whitehall is, of course, 1619. Moreover, there is the Star Chamber design of 1617. The real point I suggest lies in the question whether Inigo Jones did, as a matter of fact, use sash-windows. We know by an old picture that the Whitehall building had the English wood mullions and transoms with iron casements, and everything points to a belief

that the sashes we see in Jones' work are later alterations. The somewhat startling fact is that, probably, apart from a few possible sporadic instances, sash-windows only came in with William and Mary—the Hampton Court



EXPECTATION.



REALISATION.

Palace sashes in oak with solid and not cased frames are, we may conjecture, the main originating source of the use of sashes in his country. The Royal use made them the fashion, and their practical merits caused them to fall like a veritable blight upon the older mullioned houses, which were violently brought up to date wherever funds allowed. No one, I think, doubts that to Inigo Jones is due the introduction of the Palladian motif, or Venetian window, as it was called in England, but this form does not involve necessarily the use of the sash. The fact that the Venetian Ambassador occupied the room at Knole has caused needless conjectures as to the origin of this woodwork, in view of the early date of his residence. That the room had been recased since is a solution that has been hitherto overlooked, and Mr. Avray Tipping's suggestion is one of great value. Whether this woodwork is of Inigo Jones' design or only an imitation of his manner is a question that must remain to be cleared up when we can learn more of the history of Copp'd Hall.—ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

## EARLY PARTRIDGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Cycling back to my sweet pea farm after lunch to-day, on turning a sharp corner at the foot of a steep little hill I almost ran over a pair of old birds, who, accompanied by a beautiful brood of young chicks, were having a dust bath in the sunny road. In my anxiety to avoid running over the youngsters I was not able to count them or notice how old they were, but I should say that they had been hatched a couple of days at least. Is not this exceptionally early for East Anglia?—T. H. DIPNALL.



A PAIR OF LEVERETS.

## THE ROPE BRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—One of the most fascinating things met with in Tibet is the single-rope bridge—fascinating, and yet at first sight rather alarming. To shoot swiftly across a thundering river suspended many feet in the air by two leather thongs from a short wooden slider which hums over the knotted surface of a rope made of twisted strands of bamboo, seems more precarious than it really is, and after the first journey one thoroughly enjoys the experience. Whoever the ingenious native was who first suggested this mode of crossing a river—he probably came from the jungles of Assam and had seen monkeys crossing the river there by means of growing creepers—there is no doubt that he found the one method which is applicable to the big rivers, exaggerated mountain torrents, of Eastern Tibet and far Western China. The obvious way for natives to cross a river is by canoe, but, unfortunately, neither the Salween nor the Mekong, big as they are, are navigable even for canoes in Tibet. There remains only the bridge. Both rivers are too broad to allow of the flimsy cane bridges found in Upper Burma and Assam being used, and, moreover, so precipitous are the walls of these deep flowing rivers that it would be almost impossible to find foundations for any form of bridge. But the single-way rope bridge overcomes every difficulty. Two small platforms are made, one on either side of the river, one high up, the other twenty or thirty feet lower down; stout posts are driven into the rock and the bamboo rope is slung across



A MULE CROSSING.

from post to post, and tightened so that it slopes steeply from one bank to the other. The slider consists of a half-cylinder of wood, about three inches in diameter, having two slots cut in its upper surface, one at either end, through which pass the leather thongs; to these thongs the man, baggage or animal is tied, so that he hangs just beneath the rope, and, being pushed off the platform, the slider carries him safely over the river. It will be seen, therefore, that two ropes are necessary at each crossing, one for going each way. The advantages of such a system are obvious. The rope is cheap to make and the materials are ready to hand; it is quickly put in place and, though it will not stand the wear and tear of constant use for very long, it can be replaced in a few hours. It can be suspended so high above the river that it is completely out of reach of summer floods, but very often it is only a few feet above the water at its lowest point, and such ropes are under water and impassable during the summer. On the other hand, I have seen ropes as much as a hundred feet above the river; they look rather alarming, but, as a matter of fact, it would make no difference whether one fell one hundred feet or five feet into such a river as the Mekong in Tibet. After a few weeks' use the rope begins to sag at the lower end and may require tightening up, especially if animals are being slung across; a man can pull himself up the last few feet, hand over hand, or haul up a box which has got stuck, but an animal is helpless unless he lands right on the opposite bank. One of the photographs shows a Tibetan pulling in a box which has stuck in this way owing to the sagging of the rope. Hundreds of these single-way rope

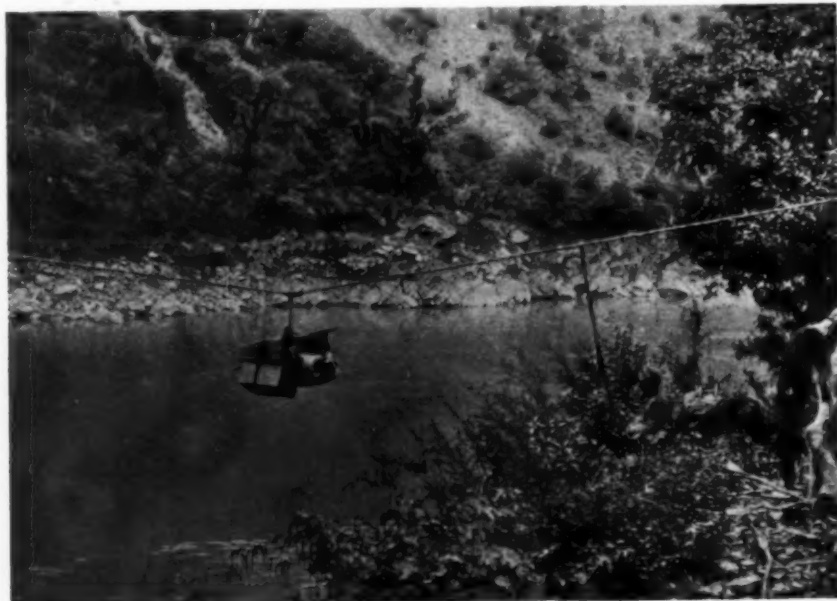
bridges are in use on the Mekong and Salween Rivers alone, and they occur a long way east of this on the Ya-lung and Li-tang Rivers, and many others. But I have never seen one on the Yangtze, which is too big a river.—F. KINGDON WARD.

## TO SAVE TREES INFECTED BY ROT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We have in our churchyard several lime trees, and one of them is decayed for some distance up the trunk; the sap seems to flow only on the eastern side, the western side being decayed. Could the decayed part be cut away and the bruise be treated with some solution? If so, we should be pleased for information as to the best method to adopt and what solution to use, as we wish to preserve, as far as possible, all trees in the vicinity. I trust you will reply through COUNTRY LIFE.—BOLDEA.

[The best way to deal with your lime tree is to remove as much as possible of the decayed wood, cutting the margins of the wound back to a point where



BOXES SLUNG ACROSS THE MEKONG RIVER.



TIBETAN HAULING UP A LOAD WHICH HAD STUCK.

the wood is quite healthy. Then paint the whole of the wound, except the extreme edge near the bark, with a strong solution of carbolic acid. When that has dried give a good dressing of gas tar to the whole of the wound. Should there be a hollow place left, build it up with cement and bricks, finishing with a smooth cement surface level with the surrounding bark. The face of the cement must be tarred over when dry. In the event of the decay extending a great distance into the trunk, the trunk may be strengthened by surrounding it with one or two iron bands. It would also be a good plan to lighten a few of the heavier branches if the trunk appears to be weak, otherwise a violent storm may cause serious damage by tearing away one or more limbs. At the same time, any dead wood which may be present in the tree should be removed, taking care to give every wound a coat of gas tar as soon as it is made. Any small holes found about the trunk must be treated as advised for the larger one. In the event of branches being broken on any of your other trees, care should be taken to cut jagged parts away and dress the wounds with tar, for it is in such-like unprotected wounds that fungus spores find an entrance.—ED.]